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**Robin Hood's
garland**

York

1811

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Robin Hood's Garland;

BEING

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than any hitherto published.*



YORK:

AND FOR THOMAS WILSON AND SON,
HIGH OUSEGATE.

1811

A TABLE OF ALL THE SONGS.

	<i>Page</i>
1 ROBIN HOOD's Parentage and Birth.....	5
2 Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham...	12
3 Robin Hood and the Pinder of Wakefield	14
4 Robin Hood and the Bishop.....	16
5 Robin Hood and the Butchers.....	19
6 Robin Hood and the Tanner.....	23
7 Robin Hood rescuing the three 'Squires..	27
8 Robin Hood and the Tinker.....	30
9 Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale.....	35
10 Robin Hood and the Shepherd.....	38
11 Robin Hood and the Friar.....	41
12 Robin Hood revived.....	46
13 Robin Hood and Queen Catharine.....	50
14 Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow.....	55
15 Robin Hood's Chase.....	59
16 Robin Hood's Golden Prize.....	61
17 Robin Hood and Will Stutely.....	64
18 Robin Hood's Preferment.....	69
19 Robin Hood's Delight.....	72
20 Robin Hood and the Beggar.....	75
21 Robin Hood and the Prince of Arragon..	79
22 Little John and the Four Beggars.....	85
23 Robin Hood and the Ranger.....	88
24 The King's Disguise and Friendship with Robin Hood.....	91
25 Robin Hood and Little John.....	96
26 Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford	101
27 Robin Hood and the valiant Knight.....	103



PREFACE.

73951W

THERE is scarce any story so little known, for one so popular, as that of ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN. Numbers there are who look upon all that is said of them as fabulous; and believe them (like the Heroes and Gods of Homer and Ovid) to have existed no where but in the fertile brain of an inventing poet. Nor is this the opinion of an unthinking people; I have often heard it asserted by men of good sense; but that they are grossly mistaken is very certain: for King Richard the First, transported with zeal, blindly sacrificed every thing to it, and ruined himself, and almost the whole nation, to carry on a war against the Infidels in the Holy Land, where he went in person. The intestine troubles of England were very great at that time; and even John, the King's brother, caballed to dethrone him, and take possession of his kingdom. This was an opportunity which the Outlaws and Banditti would by no means neglect, and England was every where infested with thieves and robbers. But amongst those none made so considerable a figure as Robin Hood; who, as Historians assure us, chiefly resided in Yorkshire; but who, if we may give any credit to most of our old Songs, was very conversant in the county of Nottingham. Besides Little John, he had an hundred bowmen in his retinue, but none but the rich stood in awe of him: so far from spoiling the poor, he did them all the good that lay in his power. Of the rich, he seldom abused those he robbed, and never offered to stop or rifle any woman. It is not positively known who he was; but the general opinion of Historians is, that he was a Nobleman; by birth noble, and created an Earl for some considerable service done to his country in war. But having riotously spent his estate, he took that way of living,

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

A TABLE OF ALL THE SONGS.

	Page
1 ROBIN HOOD's Parentage and Birth.....	5
2 Robin Hood's Progress to Nottingham...	12
3 Robin Hood and the Pinder of Wakefield	14
4 Robin Hood and the Bishop.....	16
5 Robin Hood and the Butchers.....	19
6 Robin Hood and the Tanner.....	23
7 Robin Hood rescuing the three 'Squires..	27
8 Robin Hood and the Tinker.....	30
9 Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale.....	35
10 Robin Hood and the Shepherd.....	38
11 Robin Hood and the Friar.....	41
12 Robin Hood revived.....	46
13 Robin Hood and Queen Catharine.....	50
14 Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow.....	55
15 Robin Hood's Chase.....	59
16 Robin Hood's Golden Prize.....	61
17 Robin Hood and Will Stutely.....	64
18 Robin Hood's Preferment.....	69
19 Robin Hood's Delight.....	72
20 Robin Hood and the Beggar.....	75
21 Robin Hood and the Prince of Arragon..	79
22 Little John and the Four Beggars.....	85
23 Robin Hood and the Ranger.....	88
24 The King's Disguise and Friendship with Robin Hood.....	91
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27 Robin Hood and the valiant Knight.....	103



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rather choosing to venture his life, or every thing he got, than to live in a dependent state, and be beholden to any body for his bread. Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Chief Justiciary of England, endeavouring all he could to suppress those robbers and outlaws, set a very considerable price upon the head of Robin Hood, and several stratagems were used to apprehend him; but all their attempts proved fruitless. Force he repelled by force, and art by cunning; till falling ill, he went (in order to be better taken care of) to Kirkstons, a Nunnery, in Yorkshire, where he desired to be let blood; but the reward set upon his head being very considerable, it proved a great temptation to some who knew him, by whom he was betrayed; and instead of bleeding, as he desired, he was blooded to death about the latter end of 1305. As to the following Song with which we shall begin this collection, I think I need not say any thing in commendation of it, being the most beautiful, and one of the oldest extant on that subject. One thing we must observe in reading it, and that is, between some of the stanzas we must suppose a considerable time to pass; Clorinda might be a very forward girl, if between Robin Hood's question and her answer we did not suppose two or three hours to have been spent in courtship. And between Robin Hood's being entertained at Gamewell hall, and his having ninety three bowmen in Sherwood, we must allow some years. I know not how our Critics will relish this; but I would have them remember, that the poets of old scorned to curb the poetic fire to give way to dull rule. They had no tedious comment upon Aristotle to consult; no Bosses nor Dennis's to guide them. Their works were the first flight of a lively imagination: and poets were looked upon, like other Englishmen, born to live and write with Freedom.

ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.



1. *The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of Robin Hood with Clorinda, Queen of Tidbury Feast.*

Supposed to be related by the Fiddler, who played at their Wedding.

KIND gentlemen will ye be silent a while,
aye, and then ye shall hear anon,
A very good ballad of Robin Hood,
and of his brave man Little John.
In Locksley town, in merry Nottinghamshire,
in merry sweet Locksley town,
There bold Robin Hood he was born and bred,
bold Robin of famous renown.
The father of Robin a forester was,
and he shot with a lusty strong bow,
Two north country miles and an inch at a shot,
as the Pinder of Wakefield does know.

For they brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the
 and William of Cloudelle, [Clough,
 To shoot with the forester for forty marks,
 and the forester beat them all three,
 His mother was niece to the Coventry Knight,
 whom Warwickshire men call Sir Guy,
 For he slew the blue boar, that hangs up at his
 or my host at the Bull tells a lie. [Gate,
 Her brother was Gamewell, of great Gamewell
 a noble housekeeper was he, Hall,
 As ever broke bread in sweet Nottinghamshire,
 and 'Squire of famous degree.
 The mother of Robin said to her husband,
 my honey, my love, and my dear,
 Let Robin and I ride this morn to Gamewell,
 to taste of my brother's good cheer.
 And he said, I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan,
 take one of my horses, I pray;
 The sun is rising, and therefore make haste,
 for to morrow is Christmas Day.
 Then Robin Hood's father's grey gelding was
 and saddled and bridled was he, [brought,
 O what a blue bennet, his new suit of clothes,
 and a cloak that hung down to his knee.
 She got on her holiday kirtle and gown,
 they were all of a light Lincoln green:
 The cloth was home-spun, but for colour and
 it might have befemed our queen. [make,
 And then Robin got on his basket-hilt sword,
 and a dagger on the other side;
 And said, my dear mother, let's haste to be gone,
 we have forty long miles for to ride.
 When Robin had mounted his gelding so gray,
 his father without any trouble,
 Set her up behind him, and bid her not fear,
 his gelding had oft carried double.

And when she was settled, they rode to their
neighbours,

and drank and shook hands with 'em all,

And then Robin gallopp'd and never gave over,
till they alighted at Gamewell-Hall.

And now you may think the right worshipful
was joyful his sister to see; [Squire

He kiss'd her and kiss'd her, and swore a great
thou art welcome, kind sister to me. [oath,

The morrow when mass had been said in the cha-
pels tables were cover'd in the Hall; [pel,

And in came the 'Squire and made a short speech,
it was, Gentlemen, you're welcome all.

But not a man here shall taste my March beer,
till Christmas carol he does sing.

Then all clapt their hands, they shouted and sung,
till the hall and the parlour did ring.

Now mustard and brawn, roast beef and plum-
were set upon every table; [pies,

And noble George Gamewell said eat and be
and drink as long as you're able [merry,

When dinner was over his chaplain said grace,
and be merry, my friends, said the 'Squire;

It rains and it blows, but call for more ale,
and lay some more wood on the fire.

And now call ye Little John unto me,
for Little John is a fine lad,

At gambols, jugglings, and twenty such tricks,
as shall make you both merry and glad.

When Little John came, to gambols they went
both gentlemen, yeomen, and clown,

And what do you think! why, as true as I live,
bold Robin Hood put them all down.

And now you may think the right worshipful
was joyful this sight for to see; ['Squire

For he said, cousin Robin, thou goest no more
 but tarry and dwell here with me. [home,
 Thou shalt have my land when I die; and till
 thou shalt be the staff of my age, [then
 Then grant me my boon, dear uncle, says Robin,
 that Little John may be my page.
 And he said, kind cousin, I grant thee thy boon,
 with all my heart, so let it be.
 Then come hither, Little John, said Robin Hood,
 come hither, my page, unto me.
 Go fetch my bow, my longest bow,
 and broadest arrows one, two, or three;
 And when 'tis fair weather, we'll into Sherwood,
 some merry pastime for to see.
 When Robin came into merry Sherwood,
 he winded his bugle so clear;
 And twice five and twenty good yeomen and
 Before Robin Hood did appear. [bold,
 Where are your companions, said bold Robin,
 for still I want forty and three?
 Then said a bold yeoman, lo yonder they stand,
 all under the Green Wood Tree.
 As that word was spoke Clorinda came by,
 the queen of shepherds was she;
 And her gown was velvet as green as the grass,
 and her buskin did reach to her knee.
 Her gait it was graceful, her body was straight,
 and her countenance free from pride;
 A bow in her hand, and a quiver of arrows,
 hung dangling down her sweet side.
 Her eye-brows were black, aye and so was her
 and her skin was as smooth as glass; [hair,
 Her visage speke wisdom and modesty too,
 not with Robin Hood was such a lass.
 Says Robin Hood, lady fair, whither away,
 O whither fair lady away?

And she made him answer, to kill a fat buck,
 for to-morrow is Tidbury day.
 Said bold Robin Hood, lady fair, wander with me
 a little to yonder green bow'r;
 There sit down to rest you, and you may be sure
 of a brace or a leash in an hour.
 And as they were going towards the green bow'r,
 two hundred fat bucks they espy'd,
 She chose out the fattest that was in the herd,
 and shot him through side and side.
 By the faith of my body, says bold Robin Hood,
 I never saw a woman like thee;
 And com'st thou from east, or com'st thou from
 thou need'st not beg venison of me. [west,
 However along to my bower thou shalt go,
 and taste of a forester's meat;
 And when we came there we found as good
 as any man need for to eat. [cheer,
 For there was hot venison, and warden-pies cold,
 cream blotted, and honey-combs plenty;
 And the servitors were, besides Little John,
 good yeomen at least four and twenty.
 Clorinda said, tell me your name, gentle Sir,
 and he said 'tis bold Robin Hood;
 'Squire Gamewell's my uncle, but all my delight
 Is to dwell in merry Sherwood.
 For 'tis a fine life, and void of all strife;
 so 'tis, Sir, Clorinda reply'd;
 But O! said bold Robin, how sweet would it be
 if Clorinda would be my sweet bride.
 She blush'd at the motion, yet after a pause,
 said yes, Sir, and with all my heart,
 Then let us send for a priest, said Robin Hood,
 and be married before we do part.
 But she said, it may not be so, gentle Sir,
 for I must be at Tidbury feast;

And if Robin Hood will go thither with me,
 I'll make him a most welcome guest.
 Said Robin Hood, reach me that buck, Little
 for I'll go along with my dear; [John,
 And bid my yeomen kill fix brace of bucks,
 and meet me to morrow just here.
 Before we had gone five Staffordshire miles,
 eight yeomen that were too bold,
 Bid Robin stand and deliver his buck,
 a truer tale never was told.
 I will not, faith, said bold Robin; Come, John,
 stand by me and we'll beat them all;
 They both drew their swords, and so cut 'em and
 that five out of the eight did fall, [slash'd 'em
 The three that remain'd call'd to Robin for quar-
 and pitiful John begg'd their lives; [ter,
 When John's boon was granted, he gave them
 good counsel,
 and sent them home to their wives.
 This battle was fought near Tidbury town,
 when the bagpipes baited the bull;
 I'm king of the fiddlers, and I swear 'tis truth,
 and I call him that denies it a gull.
 For I saw them fighting, and fiddled the while,
 and Clorinda sung Hey derry down;
 The bumpkins are beaten, put up thy sword,
 and now let's dance into the town. [Rob,
 Before we came in we heard a strange shouting,
 and all that were in it look'd madly:
 For some were a bull back, some dancing a mor-
 and some singing Arthur o' Bradley. [rice,
 And there we saw Thomas, our justice's clerk,
 and Mary to whom he was kind;
 For Tom rode before her, and call'd Mary
 and kiss'd her full sweetly behind. [madam,

And so may your worships ; but we went to din-
with Thomas, and Mary, and Nan, [ner,
They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her
bold Robin Hood was a fine man.

When dinner was ended, Sir Roger, the parson
of Dunbridge, was sent for in haste,
He brought his mass book, and bid them take
hands;

and he join'd them in marriage full fast.

And then as bold Robin Hood and his bride
went hand in hand to the green bow'r,

The birds sung with pleasure in merry Sher-
and it was a most joyful hour. [wood.

And when Robin Hood came in sight of the
where are my yeomen ? said he ; [bow'r,

And Little John answered, lo, yonder they stand
all under the Green Wood Tree.

Then a garland they brought her by two and by
and plac'd it all on the bride's head, [two,

Then music struck up, and we all fell a dancing,
till the bride and bridegroom was in bed.

And what they did there must be counsel to me,
because they laid long the next day ;

And I made haste home ; but I got a good piece
of the bride-cake and so came away.

Now out, alas ! I had forgotten to tell ye,
that married they were with a ring ;

And so will Nan Knight, or lie buried a maiden :
and now let us pray for the king ;

That he may get children, and they may get
to govern and do us some good ; [more,

And then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's
and sing them in merry Sherwood. [bow'r,



2. *Robin Hood's Progress in Nottingham, in which
he slew Fifteen Foresters.*

ROBIN HOOD was a tall young man,
of fifteen winters old;
Derry derry down;
And Robin Hood was a proper young man,
of courage stout and bold,
Hey down, derry down.
Robin Hood went into fair Nottingham,
with the generals for to dine;
There was he aware of fifteen foresters,
drinking beer, ale, and wine.
What news, what news, said bold Robin Hood,
what news fain would'st thou know?
Our king hath provided a shooting match,
and I am ready with my bow.
We hold it in scorn, said the fifteen foresters,
that ever a boy so young
Should bear a bow before our king,
that's not able to draw one string,
I'll hold you twenty marks, said bold Robin Hood,
by the leave of our lady,
That I'll hit the mark an hundred rood,
and I'll cause an hart to die.

We'll hold you twenty marks, said the foresters,
 by the leave of our lady,
 Thou hits not the mark an hundred rood,
 nor cause the hart to die.
 Robin Hood bent his noble good bow,
 and a broad arrow he let fly,
 He hit the mark an hundred rood,
 and caused an hart to die.
 Some say he broke ribs one or two,
 and some say he broke three;
 The arrow in the hart would not abide,
 but glanc'd in two or three.
 The hart did sleip, and the hart did leap,
 and the hart lay on the ground;
 The wager's mine, said bold Robin Hood,
 if it were for a thousand pound.
 The wager's none of thine, said the fifteen
 altho' thou be in haste; [foresters,
 Take up thy bow and get thee hence,
 lest we thy sides do baste.
 Robin took up his noble good bow,
 and his broad arrows all amain;
 And Robin being pleas'd, began for to smile,
 as he went over the plain.
 Then Robin Hood bent his noble good bow,
 and his arrows he let fly,
 Till fourteen of the fifteen foresters
 upon the ground did lie.
 He that did the quarrel first begin
 went tripping o'er the plain;
 But Robin Hood bent his noble good bow,
 and fetch'd him back again.
 You said I was no archer, said Robin Hood,
 but say so now again:
 With that he sent another arrow,
 and split his head in twain.

You have found me an archer, said Robin Hood,
 which will make your wives to wring,
 And wish that you had never spoke the word,
 that I could not draw one string.
 The people that liv'd in fair Nottingham
 came running out amain,
 Supposing to have taken bold Robin Hood,
 with the foresters that were slain.
 Some lost legs, and some lost arms,
 and some did lose their blood;
 But Robin took up his noble good bow,
 and is gone to the merry Green Wood.
 They carried these foresters to fair Nottingham,
 as many there did know;
 They digg'd them graves in their church yard,
 and bury'd them all on a row.



3. *Robin Hood and the jolly Pinder of Wakefield ;
 showing how he fought with Robin Hood, Will
 Scarlet, and Little John, a long Summer's Day.*

IN Wakefield their lives a jolly Pinder,
 in Wakefield all on the green,
 There is neither Knight nor Squire, said the Pin-
 nor Baron so bold, nor Baron so bold, [der,
 Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield,
 but his pledge goes to the pinfold.

All that was heard by three witty young men,
 'twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John,
 With that they espy'd the jolly Pinder,
 as he sat under a thorn :
 Now turn again, turn again, said the Pinder,
 for a wrong way you have gone ;
 For you have forsaken the king's highway,
 and made a path over the corn ;
 O that were a great shame, said jolly Robin,
 we being three and thou but one ;
 The Pinder leap'd back then thirty good foot,
 'twas thirty good foot and one.
 He lean'd his back fast unto a tree,
 and his foot against a thorn,
 And there he fought a long summer's day,
 and a summer's day so long.
 Till their swords on their broad bucklers
 were broken close to their hands ;
 Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, saith bold Robin,
 and my merry men every one ;
 For this is one of the best Pinders
 That ever I try'd with a sword.
 And wilt thou not forsake thy Pinder's craft,
 and live in the Green Wood with me ?
 At Michaelmas next my covenant comes out,
 when every man gathers his fee ;
 Then I'll take my blue blade in my hand,
 and plod to the Green Wood with thee.
 Hast thou either meat or drink, said Robin Hood,
 for my merry men and me ?
 I have both bread and beef, said the Pinder,
 and good ale of the best ;
 And that's meat good enough, said Robin Hood,
 for such unbidden guests.

O! wilt thou forsake thy Pinder's craft,
 and go to the Green Wood with me?
 Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year,
 one green, and the other brown shall be.
 If Michaelmas Day was come and gone,
 and my Master had paid me my fee,
 Then would I set as little by him,
 as my Master does by me.



4. *Robin Hood and the Bishop ; showing how Robin went to an old Woman's house, and changed clothes with her to escape from the Bishop ; and how he robbed him of his Gold, and made him say Mass.*

COME gentlemen all, and listen a-while,
 with a hey down, down, and a down,
 and a story to you I'll unfold ;
 I'll tell you how Robin Hood served the Bishop,
 when he robb'd him of all his Gold.
 As it fell out one sunshining day,
 when Phœbus was in his prime,
 Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
 in mirth would spend his time.
 And as he was walking the forest along,
 some pastime for to spy,

There was he aware of a proud Bishop,
and all his company.

O what shall I do, said Robin Hood then,
if the Bishop he does take me?

No mercy he'll show unto me, I know,
therefore away I'll flee.

Then Robin was stout, and turn'd him about,
and a little house there did he 'spy;

And to an old wife, to save his life,
he aloud began to cry;

Why, who art thou? said the woman,
come tell unto me for good;

I am an outlaw, as many do know,
and my name is Robin Hood,

And yonder's the bishop and all his men;
and if that I taken be,

Then day and night he'll work my spite,
and hanged I shall be.

If thou be bold Robin Hood, said the woman,
as thou dost seem to be,

I'll for thee provide, thy person to hide,
from the bishop and his company.

For I remember one Saturday night
thou brought'st me both shoes and hose,

Therefore I'll provide, thy person to hide,
and keep thee from thy foes.

Then give me soon thy coat of gray,
and take my mantle of green;

Thy spindle and twine unto me resign,
and take thou my arrows so keen.

And when that Robin Hood was thus array'd,
he went straight to his company;

With his spindle and twine he oft look'd behind
for the Bishop and his company.

O who is yonder, quoth Little John,
that now comes o'er the lee?

An arrow at her I will let fly,
 so like an old witch looks she.
 O hold thy hand, O hold thy hand, said Robin
 and shoot not thy arrows so keen; [Hood,
 I am Robin Hood, thy master good,
 as quickly shall be seen.
 The bishop he came to the old woman's house,
 and he call'd with furious mood;
 Come let me see, and bring unto me
 that traitor Robin Hood.
 The old woman sat on a milk-white steed,
 himself on a dapple gray;
 And for joy he had got Robin Hood,
 he went laughing all the way.
 But as they were riding the forest along,
 the bishop he chanc'd for to see
 A hundred brave bowmen stout and bold
 stand under the Green Wood Tree,
 O who is yonder, the bishop then said,
 that's ranging within yonder wood?
 Marry, says the old woman, I think it be
 a man call'd Robin Hood.
 Why who art thou, the bishop he said,
 which I have here with me?
 Why, I am a woman, thou cuckoldly bishop,
 lift up my leg and see.
 Then woe is me, the bishop he said,
 that ever I saw this day!
 He turn'd him about, but Robin so stout,
 call'd to him and bid him to stay.
 Then Robin Hood took hold of the bishop's horse,
 and ty'd him fast to a tree;
 Then smil'd Little John his master upon,
 for joy of his company.
 Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,
 and spread it upon the ground,

And out of the bishop's portmanteau
he soon told him five hundred pounds.

Now let him go, said Robin Hood,
said Little John that may not be;

For I vow and protest he shall sing us a mass,
before that he goes from me.

Then Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand
and he bound him fast to a tree,

And made him sing a mass, God wot,
to him and his yeomandree.

And then they brought him through the Wood,
and set him on his dapple gray,

And gave him the tail within his hand,
and bid him for Robin Hood pray.



5. *Robin Hood and the Butchers; showing how he
used the Butchers and Sheriff of Nottingham.*

COME all you brave gallants and listen awhile,
with a hey down, down, and a down,
that are this bower within;

For of bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
a song I intend to sing.

Upon a time it chanced so,
bold Robin in the forest did 'spy

A jolly butcher, with a bonny fine mare,
with his flesh to the market did hie,

Good morrow, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
 what food hast thou? tell unto me;
 Thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost dwell,
 for I like well thy company.
 The butcher he answered jolly Robin,
 no matter where I dwell:
 For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham
 I am going, my flesh to sell,
 What's the price of thy flesh, said jolly Robin,
 come tell it soon unto me;
 And the price of thy mare, be she ever so dear,
 for a butcher I fain would be?
 The price of my flesh, the butcher reply'd,
 I soon will tell unto thee;
 With my bonny mare, and they are not dear,
 four marks thou shalt give unto me;
 Four marks I will give thee, said jolly Robin,
 four marks it shall be thy fee;
 The money come count, and let me mount,
 for a butcher I fain would be.
 Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,
 his butcher's trade to begin;
 With a good intent to the sheriff's he went
 there he took up his inn;
 When other butchers did open their shops,
 bold Robin he then began,
 But how to sell, he knew not well,
 for a butcher he was but young.
 When other butchers no meat could sell,
 Robin he got both gold and fee;
 For he sold more meat for one penny
 than others could do for three.
 But when he sold his meat so fast,
 no butcher by him could thrive;
 For he sold more meat for one penny
 than others could do for five.

Which made the butchers of Nottingham
to study as they did stand;

Saying, surely he was some prodigal,
that has sold his father's land.

The butchers stepp'd up to jolly Robin,
acquainted with him for to be;

Come brother, one said, we be all one trade,
come, will ye go dine with me?

Accurs'd be the heart, said jolly Robin,
that a butcher will deny,

I will go with you, my brethren true,
and as fast as I can hie.

But when to the sheriff's house they came,
to dinner they hied apace;

And Robin Hood he the man must be
before them all to say grace.

Pray God bless us all, said Robin Hood,
and our meat within this place:

A cup of sack so good will nourish our blood,
and so I end my grace.

Come, fill us more wine, said jolly Robin,
let us be merry while we stay,

For wine and good cheer, be it never so dear,
I vow I the reckoning will pay.

Come brother be merry, said jolly Robin,
let's drink and never give o'er;

For the shot I will pay and not go my way,
if it cost me five pounds or more.

This is a mad blade, the butchers then said;
says the sheriff, he's some prodigal

That some land has sold for silver and gold,
and now doth mean to spend it all.

Hast thou any horn'd beasts, the sheriff then said,
good fellow, to sell unto me?

Yes, that I have, good master sheriff,
I have hundreds two or three.

An hundred acres of good free land,
 if you please it for to see;
 And I'll make you as good assurance of it,
 as ever my father did me.
 The sheriff he saddled his good palfrey,
 and took three hundred pounds in gold,
 And away he went with bold Robin Hood,
 his horned beasts to behold.
 Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride,
 to the forest of merry Sherwood.
 Then the sheriff did say, God bless us this day
 from a man they call Robin Hood.
 But when a little further they came,
 bold Robin he chanc'd for to spy
 An hundred head of good fat deer,
 come tripping the sheriff full nigh.
 How like you my horn'd beasts, good master
 they be fat and fair to see? [sheriff;
 I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,
 for I like not thy company.
 Then Robin put his horn to his mouth,
 and blew out blasts three;
 Then quickly and anon there came Little John,
 and all his company.
 What is your will, master, then said Little John,
 I pray come tell unto me?
 I have brought hither the sheriff of Nottingham,
 this day to dine with thee.
 He is welcome to me, then said Little John,
 I hope he will honestly pay:
 I know he has gold, if it were but told,
 will serve us to drink a whole day.
 Then Robin he took his mantle from off his back
 and laid it upon the ground;
 And out of the sheriff's portmanteau he
 soon told three hundred pound.

Then Robin he brought him through the Wood,
 and set him on his dapple gray :
 O have me commended to your wife at home :
 so Robin went laughing away.



6. *Robin Hood and the Tanner ; or, Robin Hood
 met with his match.*

Tune of, Robin Hood and the Stranger.

IN Nottingham there lives a jolly Tanner,
 with a hey down, down, and a down
 his name is Arthur o'Bland :

There is never a 'Squire in Nottinghamshire
 dare bid bold Arthur stand.

With a long pike-staff upon his shoulder,
 so well he can clear his way,

By two and by three, he makes them to flee,
 for he hath no list to stay.

And as he went out in a Sumner's morning
 into the forest of merry Sherwood,

To view the red deer than ran here and there,
 there met he with bold Robin Hood.

As soon as bold Robin did him espy,
 he thought he some sport would make;
 Therefore out of hand he bid him to stand,
 and thus unto him he spake.
 Why, who art thou, bold fellow,
 that rangest so boldly here?
 In troth, to be brief, thou looks like a thief,
 that comes to steal our king's deer.
 For I am keeper in this forest,
 the king puts me in trust
 To look to the deer that range here and there,
 therefore stop thee I must.
 If thou be'st a keeper in this forest,
 and hast such great command,
 Yet thou must have more partakers in store,
 before that thou make me to stand.
 No, I have no more partakers in store,
 or any that I do need,
 But I have a staff of another oak graft,
 I know it will do the deed.
 For thy sword and thy bow, I care not a straw,
 and all thy arrows to boot,
 If thou gets a knock upon thy bare scalp,
 thou canst as well sh—t as shoot.
 Speak cleanly, good fellow, said Jolly Robin,
 and give better terms unto me;
 Else thee I'll correct for thy neglect,
 and make thee more mannerly.
 Marry gap with a wanton, quoth Arthur o'Bland,
 art thou such a godly man?
 I care not a fig for you looking so big,
 mend yourself wherever you can.
 Then Robin Hood unbuckled his belt,
 and laid down his bow so long;
 He took up a staff of another oak graft,
 that was both stiff and strong.

I yield to thy weapon, said jolly Robin,
 since thou wilt not yield to mine ;

For I have a staff of another oak graft,
 not half a foot longer than thine.

But let me measure, said jolly Robin,
 before we begin the fray ;

For I will not have mine to be longer than thine,
 for that will be counted foul play.

I pass not for length, bold Arthur repl'd,
 my staff is of oak so free ;

Eight foot and a half, it will knock down a calf,
 and I hope it will knock down thee.

Then Robin he could no longer forbear,
 but gave him a heavy good knock,

But quickly and soon the blood it ran down,
 before it was ten o'clock.

Then Arthur soon recover'd himself,
 and gave him a knock on the crown ;

That from ev'ry side of Robin Hood's head
 the blood ran trickling down.

Then Robin Hood rag'd like a wild boar,
 as soon as he saw his own blood ;

Then Bland was in haste, he laid on him so fast,
 as if he had been cleaving of wood.

And about, and about, and about they went,
 like two wild boars in a chase ;

Striving to aim each other to maim,
 leg, arm, or any other place.

And knock for knock they lustily fought,
 which held two hours or more :

That all the wood rang at every bang,
 they ply'd their work so sore.

Hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
 and let our quarrel fall ;

For here we may crush our bones to mash,
 and get no corn at all.

And in the forest of merry Sherwood
 hereafter thou shalt be free ;
 God ha' mercy for nought my freedom I bought,
 I may thank my good staff and not thee.
 What tradesman art thou, said jolly Robin,
 good fellow I prithee me show ;
 And also me tell in what place dost thou dwell,
 for these things fain would I know.
 I am a tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,
 in Nottingham long have I wrought :
 And if thou come there, I vow and swear
 I'll tan thy hide for nought.
 God ha' mercy, good fellow, said jolly Robin,
 since thou art so kind and free,
 And if thou wilt tan my hide for nought,
 I'll do as much for thee.
 And if thou'lt forsake thy tanning trade,
 to live in the Green Wood with me ;
 My name's Robin Hood, I swear by the wood,
 to give thee both gold and fee.
 If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd,
 as I think well thou art,
 Then here's my hand, my name's Arthur o'Bland,
 we two will never part.
 But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John,
 of him fain would I hear ;
 For we were ally'd by the mother's side,
 he is my kinsman dear.
 Then Robin Hood blew his bugle horn,
 he blew both loud and shrill ;
 And quickly anon, he saw Little John,
 come tripping down the green hill.
 O ! what is the matter, then said Little John,
 master, I pray you tell ?
 Why do you stand with your staff in your hand ?
 I fear all is not well.

O man I do stand, and he makes me to stand,
 the tanner that stands by my side;
 He is a bonny blade, and maker of his trade,
 for he has soundly tann'd my hide.
 He is to be commended, then said Little John,
 if he such a feat can do;
 If he be so stout, we will have a bout,
 and he shall tan my hide too.
 Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
 for, as I do understand,
 He's a yeoman good, and of thy own blood,
 his name is Arthur o'Bland.
 Then Little John threw his staff away
 as far as he could fling
 And ran out of hand to Arthur o'Bland,
 and about his neck did cling.
 With loving respect there was no neglect,
 they were neither nice nor coy;
 Each other did face with a lovely grace,
 and both did weep for joy.
 Then Robin Hood took them by the hands,
 and danc'd about the oak tree;
 For three merry men, and three merry men,
 and three merry men we be.
 And ever after as long as we live,
 we three will be as one;
 The wood it shall ring, and the old wife shall sing
 of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.

7. *Robin Hood rescuing the three 'Squires from
 Nottingham Gallows.*

BOLD Robin Hood rang'd the forest all round,
 the forest all round rang'd he;
 O then did he meet with a gay lady,
 she came weeping along the highway.

Why weep you, why weep you, bold Robin he
what weep ye for gold or fee? [said,

Or do you weep for your maidenhead,
that is taken from your body?

I weep not for gold, this lady reply'd,
neither do I weep for fee,

Nor do I weep for my maidenhead,
that is taken from my body.

What weep ye for then? said jolly Robin,
I pray ee come tell unto me;

Oh! I do weep for my three sons,
for they are condemn'd to die.

What church have they robb'd, said jolly Robin,
or parish priest have they slain;

What maids have they forc'd against their will,
or with other men's wives have they lain?

No church have they robb'd, this lady reply'd,
no parish priest have they slain;

No maids have they forc'd against their will,
nor with others men's wives have they lain.

What have they done then? said jolly Robin,
come tell me most speedily;

Oh! its all for killing the king's fallow deer.
and they're all condemn'd to die.

Get you home, get you home, said jolly Robin,
get you home most speedily;

And I will then to fair Nottingham go,
for the sake of the 'Squires all three.

Then Robin Hood to Nottingham goes,
for Nottingham town goes he,

O! there did he meet with a poor beggar man
he came creeping along the highway.

What news, what news, thou old beggar man,
what news, come tell unto me?

O! there's weeping and wailing in fair Notting-
for the death of the 'Squires all three. [ham,

This beggar man had a coat on his back,
 it was neither green, yellow, nor red,
 Bold Robin Hood thought, it was no disgrace
 to be in the beggar man's stead.
 Come, pull off thy coat, thou old beggar man ;
 and thou shalt put on mine ;
 And forty good shillings I'll give you to boot ;
 besides brandy, good beer, ale, and wine.
 Bold Robin Hood then to Nottingham came,
 unto Nottingham town came he ;
 And there did he meet with great master sheriff,
 aye, and likewise the 'Squires all three.
 One boon, one boon, said jolly Robin,
 one boon, I beg upon my knee ;
 That, as for the death of the three 'Squires,
 their hangman I may be.
 Soon granted, soon granted, says master sheriff
 soon grant it I will unto thee ;
 And you shall have all their gay clothing,
 and all their white money.
 O, I'll have none of their gay clothing,
 nor none of their white money,
 But I will have three blasts of my bugle horn,
 that their souls to heav'n may flee.
 Then Robin Hood mounted the gallows so high,
 where he blew both loud and shrill,
 Till a hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men
 came marching all down the green hill.
 Whose men are all these, says great master sheriff,
 whose men are they, tell unto me ?
 O they are all mine, but none of thine,
 and they're come for the 'Squires all three.
 O take them, O take them, says great master
 O take them along with thee ; [sheriff,
 For there's never a man in all Nottingham
 can do the like of thee.

6. *Robin Hood and the jolly Tinker.**Tune of, In Summer Time.*

IN summer time when leaves grow green,
 down, a down, a down,
 And birds sing on every tree,
 hey down, a down, a down,
 Robin Hood went to Nottingham,
 down, a down, a down,
 As fast as he could dree
 hey down, a down, a down.
 And as he came to Nottingham,
 a tinker he did meet,
 And seeing him a lusty blade,
 he kindly did him greet.
 Where dost thou dwell? quoth Robin Hood,
 I pray thee now me tell;
 Sad news, I hear, there is abroad,
 I fear all is not well.
 What is the news? the tinker said,
 tell me without delay;
 I am a tinker by my trade;
 and do live at Banbury.
 As for the news, quoth Robin Hood,
 it is but as I hear,
 Two tinkers were set in the stocks,
 • for drinking ale and beer.
 If that be all, the tinker said,
 (as I may say to you,)
 Your law is not worth a fart,
 since that they all be true.
 For drinking of good ale and beer,
 you will not lose your part;
 No, by my faith, quoth Robin Hood,
 I love it with all my heart.

What news abroad, quoth Robin Hood,
tell me what thou dost hear ?

Seeing thou goest from town to town,
some news thou need'st not fear.

All the news I have, the tinker said,
I hear it is for good ;

It is to seek a bold outlaw,
whom they call Robin Hood.

I have a warrant from the king,
to take him where I can ;

If thou canst tell me where he is,
I will make thee a man.

The king would give a hundred pounds,
that he could but him see,

And if thou can but now him get,
it will serve thee and me.

Let me see the warrant, said Robin Hood,
I'll see if it be right ;

And I will do the best I can,
for to take him this night.

That I will not, the tinker said,
none with it will I trust,

And where he is if you'll not tell,
take you by force I must.

But Robin Hood perceiyng well
how then the game would go,

If you will go to Nottingham,
we shall find him I know.

A crab-tree staff the tinker had,
which was both stout and strong.

Robin he had a good strong blade,
and so they went both along.

And when they came to Nottingham,
there they took up their inn,

And they call'd for ale and wine,
to drink it was no sin.

But ale and wine they drank so fast,
 that the tinker he forgot
 / What thing he was about to do—
 it fell so to his lot
 That while the tinker was asleep,
 Robin made haste away,
 And left the tinker in the lurch,
 all the great shot to pay.
 But when the tinker did awake,
 and saw that he was gone;
 He called out then for the host,
 and thus he made his moan:
 I had a warrant from the king,
 that might have done me good,
 It was to seek a bold outlaw,
 some call him Robin Hood.
 But now the warrant and money is gone,
 nothing I have to pay:
 And he that promis'd to be my friend,
 is gone and fled away.
 That friend you speak of, said the host,
 they call him Robin Hood;
 And when he first met with you,
 he meant you little good.
 Had I but known it had been he,
 when that I had him here,
 The one of us should try'd our might
 which should have paid full sore,
 In the mean time I will away,
 no longer here I'll abide,
 But I will go and seek him out,
 whatever me betide.
 But one thing I would gladly know,
 what have I hear to pay?
 Ten shillings just, then said the host;
 I'll pay it without delay.

Or else take here my working bag,
and my hammer too,

And if I light upon the knave,
I will then soon pay you.

The only way then, said the host,
and not to stand in fear,

Is to seek him among the parks,
killing of the king's deer.

The tinker he then went with speed,
and made then no delay,

Till he found brave Robin Hood,
that they might have a fray.

At last he spy'd him in a park
hunting then of the deer.

What knave is that, quoth Robin Hood,
that doth come me so near ?

No knave, no knave, the tinker said,
and that you soon shall know ;

Whether of us can do any wrong,
my crab-tree staff shall show.

Then Robin he drew his gallant blade
made then of trusty steel ;

But the tinker he laid on so fast ;
that he made Robin reel.

Then Robin's anger did arise,
he fought right manfully,

Until he had the tinker made
then almost fit to fly.

When they had laid about again,
and play'd their weapons fast,

The tinker thrash'd his bones so sore,
that he made him yield at last.

A boon, a boon, then Robin cry'd,
if thou wilt grant it me ;

Before I will do it, the tinker said,
I'll hang thee on a tree.

But the tinker looking him about,
 Robin his horn did blow ;
 Then came unto him Little John,
 and Will Scarlet also.
 What is the matter, said Little John,
 you sit in the highway side ;
 Here is a tinker that stands by,
 that well has paid my hide.
 That tinker then, said Little John,
 fain that blade would I see ;
 And I would try what he can do,
 if he'll do as much for me.
 But Robin he then wish'd them both
 they would the quarrel cease,
 Then henceforth we may be as one,
 and ever live in peace,
 And for the jovial tinker's part,
 a hundred pounds I'll give
 In a year, for to maintain him on
 as long as he doth live.
 In manhood he is a mettle man,
 and a metal man by trade,
 I never thought that any man
 could have made me so afraid.
 And if he will be one of us,
 we will take all one fare,
 And whatsoever we do get,
 he shall have his full share.
 So the tinker he was content
 with them to go along,
 And with them a part to take ;
 and so I end my song.

9. *Robin Hood and Allen-a-Dale ; or, the Manner of Robin Hood's rescuing a young Lady from an old Knight, to whom she was going to be married, and restoring her to Allen-a-Dale, her former Lover.*

Tune of, Robin Hood in the Green Wood.

COME listen to me you gallants so free,
 all you that love mirth for to hear,
 And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
 that liv'd in Nottinghamshire,
 that liv'd in Nottinghamshire.
 As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
 all under the Green Wood Tree,
 There was he aware of a brave young man,
 as fine as fine might be.
 The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,
 in scarlet fine and gay ;
 And he did frisk it o'er the plain,
 and chaunted a roundelay.
 As Robin Hood next morning stood
 amongst the leaves so gay,
 There did he 'spy the same young man
 come drooping along the way.
 The scarlet he wore the day before,
 it was cast clean away ;
 And ev'ry step he fetch'd a sigh,
 alack and well a day !
 Then stepped forth brave Little John,
 and Midge the Miller's son,
 Which made the young man bend his bow,
 when he did see them come.
 Stand off, stand off, the young man said,
 what is your will with me ?
 You must come before our master straight,
 under yonder Green Wood Tree.

And when he came bold Robin before,
 Robin asked him courteously,
 O hast thou any money to spare
 for my merry men and me?
 I have no money, the young man said,
 but five shillings and a ring.
 And that I have kept this seven long years,
 to have it at my wedding.
 Yesterday I should have married a maid,
 but from me she was ta'en,
 And chosen to be an old Knight's delight,
 whereby my poor heart is slain.
 What is thy name then, said Robin Hood,
 come tell me without fail?
 By the faith of my body, then said the young
 my name is Allen-a-Dale. [man,
 What wilt thou give me, said Robin Hood,
 in ready gold or fee,
 To help thee to thy true love again,
 and deliver her unto thee?
 I have no money, then quoth the young man,
 no ready gold or fee,
 But I will swear upon a book,
 thy true servant for to be.
 How many miles is it to thy true love,
 come tell me without any guile?
 By the faith of my body, then said the young
 it is but five little miles. [man,
 Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
 and he did neither stint nor lin,
 Until he came unto the church,
 were Allen should have kept his wedding!
 What dost thou here, the Bishop then said,
 I prithee tell unto me?
 I am a bold harper, quoth Robin Hood,
 and the best in the north country,

O welcome, O welcome, the bishop then said,
 that music best pleaseth me;
 You shall have no music, quoth Robin Hood,
 till the bride and bridegroom I see.
 With that came in a wealthy Knight,
 who was both grave and old;
 And after him a finikin lass,
 that did shine like glittering gold.
 This is not a fit match, quoth bold Robin Hood,
 that you do seem to make here;
 For since we are come into the church,
 the bride shall choose her own dear.
 Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
 and blew blasts two or three;
 Then four and twenty bowmen bold
 came leaping over the lea.
 And when they came to the church,
 marching all on a row,
 The first man was Allen-a-Dale,
 to give bold Robin his bow.
 This is thy true love, Robin he said,
 young Allen as I have heard say,
 And thou shalt be married at the same time,
 before we depart away.
 That shall not be, the bishop he said,
 for thy word shall not stand;
 They shall be three times ask'd in the church,
 as the law is of our land.
 Robin Hood pull'd off the bishop's coat,
 and put it upon Little John;
 By the faith of my body, then Robin he said
 this cloth doth make thee a man.
 When Little John went to the chair,
 the people began to laugh:
 He ask'd them seven times in the church,
 lest three times should not be enough.

Who gives this maid? said Little John;
 quoth Robin, that do I;
 And he that takes her from Allen-a-Dale,
 full dearly shall her buy.
 And thus having ended this merry wedding,
 the bride she look'd like a queen!
 And so they return'd to the merry green Wood;
 amongst the leaves so green.

10. *Robin Hood and the Shepherd; showing how
 Robin Hood, Little John, and the Shepherd
 fought a sore combat.*

ALL gentlemen and yeomen good,
 down, a down, a down,
 I wish you to draw near;
 For a story of bold Robin Hood
 unto you I will declare.
 Down, a down, a down.
 As Robin Hood walk'd the forest along,
 some pastime for to espy,
 There was he aware of a jolly shepherd,
 that on the ground did lie.
 Arise, arise, said jolly Robin,
 and now come and let me see
 What is in thy bag and thy bottle, I say,
 come tell it unto me.
 What's that to thee? thou proud fellow,
 tell me as I do stand,
 What hast thou to do with my bottle and bag?
 let me see thy command.
 Come, let me taste of thy bottle,
 or it may breed thee woe;
 The devil a drop, thou proud fellow,
 of my bottle thou shalt see;

Until thy valour hath been try'd,
 whether thou wilt fight or flee.
 What shall we fight for? said Robin Hood,
 come tell it soon unto me;
 Here's twenty pounds in good red gold,
 win it, and take it with thee.
 The shepherd he stood all in a maze,
 and knew not what to say;
 I have no money, thou proud fellow,
 but bottle and bag I'll lay.
 I am content, thou shepherd swain,
 fling them down on the ground;
 But it will breed thee mickle pain,
 to win my twenty pound.
 Come, draw thy sword, thou proud fellow,
 thou standeth too long to prate;
 This hook of mine shall let thee know
 a coward I do hate.
 So they fell to it full hard and sore,
 it was on a summer's day;
 From ten till four in the afternoon
 the shepherd held him at play.
 Robin's buckler prov'd his chief defence,
 and sav'd him many a bang;
 For every blow the shepherd gave,
 made Robin's sword cry twang.
 Many a sturdy blow the shepherd gave,
 and that bold Robin found;
 Till the blood ran trickling from his head,
 then he fell to the ground.
 Arise, arise, thou proud fellow,
 and thou wilt have fair play,
 If thou wilt yield before thou go,
 that I have won the day.
 A boon, a boon, said bold Robin,
 if that a man thou be,

Then let me take my bugle horn,
 and blow out blasts three.
 Then said the shepherd to bold Robin,
 to that I will agree;
 For if thou should'st blow till to-morrow morn,
 I scorn a foot to flee.
 Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
 and he blew with might and main,
 Until he espy'd Little John
 come tripping over the plain.
 Who is yonder, thou proud fellow,
 that comes down yonder hill;
 Yonder is John, bold Robin Hood's man,
 shall fight with thee thy fill.
 What is the matter, said Little John,
 master, come tell unto me?
 My case is hard, said Robin Hood,
 for the shepherd hath conquer'd me.
 I am glad of that, cries Little John,
 shepherd turn thou unto me;
 For a boat with thee I mean to have,
 either come fight or flee.
 With all my heart, thou proud fellow,
 for it never shall be said
 That a shepherd's hook, at thy sturdy look,
 will one jot be dismay'd.
 So they fell to it full hard and sore,
 striving for victory;
 I'll know, says John, ere we give o'er,
 whether thou wilt fight or flee.
 The shepherd gave John a sturdy blow,
 with his hook upon his chin;
 Beshrew thy heart, said Little John,
 thou basely dost begin.
 Nay, that is nothing, said the shepherd,
 either yield to me the day,

Or I will bang thy back and sides
 before thou goest thy way.
 What dost thou think, thou proud fellow,
 that thou canst conquer me?
 Nay, thou shalt know before thou go,
 I'll fight before I flee.
 Again the shepherd laid on him,
 the shepherd he begun;
 Hold thy hand, cry'd jolly Robin,
 I will yield the wager won.
 With all my heart, said Little John,
 to that I will agree;
 For he is the flower of shepherd swains,
 the like I ne'er did see.
 Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,
 also of Little John;
 How a shepherd swain did conquer them,
 the like was never known.



11. *The famous battle between Robin Hood and
 the Curtal Friar, near Fountain Dale.*

IN the summer time, when leaves grow green,
 and flowers are fresh and gay,
 Robin Hood and his merry men
 were all disposed to play.

Then some would leap, and some would run,
and would use artillery;

Which of you can a good bow draw,
a good archer to be?

Which of you can kill a buck?
or who can kill a doe?

Or who can kill a hart of Greece,
five hundred foot him fro?

Will Scarlet he kill'd a buck,
and Midge he kill'd a doe;

And Little John kill'd a hart of Greece,
five hundred foot him fro.

God's blessing on thy heart, said Robin Hood,
that shot such a shot for me;

I would ride my horse an hundred miles
to find one to match thee.

That caused Will Scarlet to laugh,
he laugh'd full heartily;

There lives a friar in Fountain Abbey
will beat both him and thee.

The curtal friar in Fountain Abbey
well can draw a good strong bow;

He will beat both you and your yeomen,
set them all on a row.

Robin Hood took a solemn oath,
it was by Mary free,

That he would neither eat nor drink,
till the friar he did see.

Robin Hood put on his harness good,
and had on his head a cap of steel;

Broad sword and buckler by his side,
and they became him well.

He took his bow into his hand,
(it was of a trusty tree)

With a sheaf of arrows by his side
and to Fountain Dale went he.

And coming to fair Fountain Dale,
 no farther would he ride :
 There was he aware of a curtal friar,
 walking by the water side.
 The friar had a harness good,
 and on his head a cap of steel,
 Broad sword and buckler by his side,
 and they became him well.
 Robin Hood lighted from off his horse,
 and ty'd him to a thorn :
 Carry me over the water, thou curtal friar,
 or thy life shall be forlorn.
 The friar took Robin Hood on his back,
 deep water he did bestride,
 And spake neither good word nor bad
 till he came to the other side.
 Lightly leap'd Robin off the friar's back,
 the friar said to him again,
 Carry me over the water, fine fellow,
 or it shall breed thee pain.
 Robin Hood took the friar on his back,
 deep water he did bestride,
 And spoke neither good nor bad
 till he came to the other side.
 Lightly leap'd the friar off Robin Hood's back,
 Robin said to him again,
 Carry me over the water thou curtal friar,
 or it shall breed thee pain.
 The friar he took Robin Hood on his back again
 and stepp'd up to his knee;
 Till he came to the middle of the stream
 neither good nor bad spake he;
 And coming to the middle of the stream
 there he threw Robin in;
 And choose thee, choose thee, fine fellow,
 whether thou wilt sink or swim.

Robin Hood swam to a bush of broom,
the friar to the willow-wand;

Bold Robin Hood he got to the shore,
and took his bow in his hand.

One of the best arrows under his belt
to the friar he let fly:

The curtal friar with his steel buckler
did put his arrow by.

Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,
shoot as thou hast begun;

If thou shoot here a summer's day,
thy mark I will not shun:

Robin Hood shot so passing well,
till his arrows all were gone;

They took their swords and steel bucklers,
they fought with might and main

From ten o'clock that very day,
till four in the afternoon;

Then Robin Hood came on his knees,
of the friar to beg a boon.

A boon, a boon, thou curtal friar,
I beg it on my knee;

Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth,
and to blow blasts three.

That I will do, said the curtal friar,
of thy blasts I have no doubt;

I hope thou wilt blow so passing well,
till both thy eyes drop out.

Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
and he blew out blasts three,

Half a hundred yeomen, with their bows bent,
came ranging over the lea—

Whose men are these, said the friar,
that come so hastily?

These are mine, said Robin Hood,
friar what's that to thee?

A boon, a boon, said the curtal friar,
 the like I gave to thee;
 Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,
 and whute whutes three.

That I will do, said Robin Hood,
 or else I were to blame;

Three whutes in a friar's fist
 would make me glad and fain.

The friar he set his fist to his mouth,
 and he whuted him whutes three;

Half an hundred good bay dogs
 came running over the lea.

Here is for every man a dog,
 and I myself for thee;

Nay, by my faith, said Robin Hood,
 friar, that may not be.

Two dogs at once to Robin did go,
 the one behind, and the other before;

Robin Hood's mantle of Lincoln green
 off from his back they tore.

And whether his men shot east or west,
 or they shot north or south,

The curtal dogs, so taught they were,
 they caught the arrows in their mouth.

Take off thy dogs, said Little John,
 friar at my bidding thee;

Whose man art thou, said the curtal friar,
 that comes here to prate to me?

I am Little John, Robin Hood's man,
 friar, I will not lie;

If thou take not up thy dogs anon,
 I'll take them up and thee.

Little John had a bow in his hand,
 he shot with might and main;

Soon half a score of the friar's dogs
 lay dead upon the plain.

Hold thy hand, good fellow, said the curtal friar,
 thy master and I will agree;
 And we will have new orders taken,
 with all haste that may be.
 If thou wilt forsake fair Fountain Dale,
 and Fountain Abbey free,
 Every Sunday throughout the year
 a noble shall be thy fee.
 Every Sunday throughout the year,
 chang'd shall thy garments be,
 If thou wilt to fair Nottingham go,
 and there remain with me.
 The curtal friar had kept Fountain Dale,
 seven long years and more;
 There was neither knight, lord, or earl,
 could make him yield before.

12. *Robin Hood newly revived; or, His meeting
 and his fighting his Cousin Scarlet.*

To a new Tune.

COME listen a-while, you gentlemen all,
 with a hey down, down, and a down,
 that are this bower within;
 For a story of gallant Robin Hood,
 I purpose now to begin.
 What time of the day? quoth Robin Hood;
 quoth Little John, 'tis in the prime;
 Why then we will to the Green Wood gang,
 for we have no victuals to dine.
 As Robin Hood walk'd the forest along,
 it was in the midst of the day,
 There was he aware of a dext young man,
 as ever walk'd on the way.

His doublet was of silk, 'tis said,
 his stockings like scarlet shone;
 And bravely he walk'd on the way,
 to Robin Hood then unknown.
 A herd of deer was in the bend,
 all feeding before his face;
 Now the best of you I'll have to my dinner,
 and that in a little space.
 Now the stranger he had no mickle ado,
 but he bent a right good bow;
 And the best of all the herd he slew,
 full forty yards him fro.
 Well shot, well shot, said Robin Hood then,
 that shot was shot in time;
 And if thou wilt accept of the place,
 thou shalt be a bold yeoman of mine.
 Go play the chiven, the stranger then said,
 make haste, and quickly go;
 Or with my fist, be sure of this,
 I'll give thee buffets fore.
 Thou hadst not best buffet me, quoth Robin Hood,
 for altho' I am forlorn.
 Yet I have some one will take my part,
 if I do but blow my horn.
 Thou hadst not best wind thy horn, the stranger
 be thou never so much in haste! [said,
 For I can draw a good broad sword,
 and quickly cut the blast.
 Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow,
 to shoot, and that he would fain;
 The stranger bent a very good bow,
 to shoot at bold Robin again.
 O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, quoth Robin,
 to shoot it would be in vain;
 For if we shoot the one at the other,
 the one of us must be slain.

But let's take our sword: and our broad bucklers,
and gang under yonder tree;

As I hope to be sav'd, the stranger he said,
one foot I will not flee.

Then Robin Hood lent the stranger a blow,
most scar'd him out of his wits;

Thou'lt feel a blow, the stranger he said,
that shall be better quits.

The stranger then with a good broad sword
hit Robin on the crown,

That from every hair of bold Robin Hood's head
the blood ran trickling down.

God a mercy, good fellow, quoth Robin Hood
and for this thou hast done: [then,

Tell me, good fellow, what thou art?
tell me where thou dost won?

The stranger then answered bold Robin Hood,
I'll tell thee where I do dwell;

In Maxfield town I was born and bred,
my name is young Gamewell.

For killing of my father's steward,
am forc'd to this English wood,

And for to seek an uncle of mine,
some call him Robin Hood.

But art thou a cousin of Robin Hood's?
the sooner we should have done:

As I hope to be sav'd, the stranger then said,
I am his own sister's son.

But lord! what kissing and courting were there,
when the two cousins did meet;

And they went all that summer's day,
and Little John did not meet;

But when they met with Little John,
he us to him did say,

O master, pray where have you been,
you have tarry'd so long away?

I met with a stranger, quoth Robin Hood then,
full sore he has beaten me;

Then I'll have a boot with him, quoth Little
and try if he can beat me. [John,

O no, O no, quoth Robin Hood then,
Little John it must not be so;

For he is my own sister's son,
and cousins I have no more;

But he shall be a bold yeoman of mine,
my chief man next to thee;

And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,
and Scarlet he shall be;

And we'll be three of the bravest outlaws
that are in the north country.

If thou'lt hear any more of bold Robin Hood,
in the second part it will be.

Then bold Robin Hood to the north he would go,
with valour and mickle might,

With sword by his side, which oft had been try'd,
to fight and recover his right.

The first that he met was a boney bold Scot,
his servant he said he would be;

No, quoth bold Robin Hood, it cannot be good,
for thou wilt prove false unto me,

Thou hast not been true to fire or cuz;
nay, marry, the Scot he said,

As true as your heart, I'll never part,
good master be not afraid.

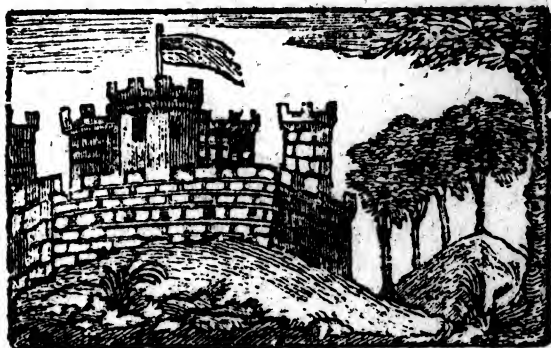
Then Robin Hood turn'd his face to the east,
fight on, my merry men stout;

Our cause is good, said brave Robin Hood,
and we shall not be beat out.

The battle grows hot on every side,
the Scotchmen made great moan:

Quoth Jockey, geud faith they fight on each side,
would I were with my wife Joan.

The enemy compass'd brave Robin about,
 'tis long ere the battle ends;
 There's neither will yield, nor give up the field,
 so both are supplied with friends.
 This song it was made in Robin Hood's days,
 let's pray unto Jove above
 To give us true peace, that mischief may cease,
 and war may give place unto love.



13. *Renowned Robin Hood ; or, His famous Archery truly related, in the worthy exploits he performed before Queen Catharine.*

GOLD taken from the King's harbinger,
 Down, a down, a down,
 as seldom has been seen, Down, &c.
 And carried by bold Robin,
 for a present to the queen. Down, &c.
 If that I live one year to an end,
 thus did queen Catharine say,
 Bold Robin Hood I'll be thy friend,
 and all thy yeomen gay.
 The queen is to her chamber gone,
 fast as she could wend;

She calls unto her lovely page,
 his name was Richard Parrington.
 Come hither to me, thou lovely page;
 come thou hitherto unto me;
 For thou must post unto Nottingham,
 as fast as thou can dree.
 And as thou goest unto Nottingham,
 search all those English Woods;
 Inquire of one good yeoman or another
 that can tell thee of Robin Hood.
 Sometimes he walk'd, sometimes he ran
 as fast as he could wend,
 And when he came to Nottingham,
 he there took up his inn.
 He call'd for a bottle of Rhenish wine,
 and drinks a health to the queen,
 Wishing he might now speedily
 find out jolly Robin.
 There sat a yeoman by his side,
 who said, sweet page, tell me,
 What is thy business, or thy cause,
 so far in the north country?
 This is my business, and my cause,
 fir, I'll tell it you for good,
 To inquire of one good yeoman or another,
 to tell me of Robin Hood.
 I'll get my horse betimes in the morn,
 be it by break of day;
 And I will shew thee Robin Hood,
 and all his yeomen gay.
 When he came Robin Hood before,
 he fell down on his knee;
 Queen Catharine she does greet you well,
 she greets you well by me.
 She bids you post to fair London town,
 not fearing any thing;

For there shall be a little sport,
 and she hath sent you a ring.
 Robin Hood took his mantle from his back
 - it was of Lincoln green,
 And sent it by his lovely page
 for a present to the queen.
 In summer time when leaves grow green,
 it was a seemly sight to see
 How Robin Hood had dressed himself,
 and all his yeomendree.
 He cloth'd his men in Lincoln green,
 and himself in scarlet red,
 Black hats, white feathers, all alike,
 now bold Robin Hood is rid.
 And when he came to London court
 he fell down on his knee:
 Thou art welcome, Robin, said the queen,
 and all thy yeomendree.
 Come hither, Torpus, said the king,
 bow-bearer, after me;
 Come measure me out with this line
 how long our mark must be.
 What is the wager? said the queen,
 that I must now make here:
 Three hundred tons of Rhenish wine,
 three hundred tons of beer;
 Three hundred of the fattest harts
 that run on Dallum lea:
 That's a princely wager, said the queen,
 that I must needs tell thee.
 With that bespoke one Clifton then,
 full quickly and full soon,
 Measure no mark for us, most sov'reign liege,
 we'll shoot at sun and moon.
 Full fifteen score your mark shall be,
 full fifteen score shall stand;

I'll lay my bow, said Clifton then,
 I'll cleave the willow wand.
 With that the king's archers led about,
 till it was three to none ;
 With that the ladies began to shout,
 madam, your game is gone.
 A boon, a boon, queen Catharine cries,
 I crave it on my knee ;
 Is there ever a knight of your privy-council
 on queen Catharine's side will be ?
 Come hither to me, Sir Richard Lee,
 thou art a knight full good ;
 For I do know thy pedigree,
 thou sprang'st from Gower's blood.
 Come hither to me, thou bishop of Herefordshire,
 for a noble priett was he ;
 By my silver mitre, said the bishop,
 I'll not bet one penny.
 The king has archers of his own,
 full ready and full right ;
 And these be strangers every one,
 no man knows what they height.
 What wilt thou bet ? said Robin Hood,
 thou seest our game the worse :
 By my silver mitre, said the bishop,
 all the money within my purse.
 What is in thy purse ? said Robin Hood,
 throw it on the ground ;
 Ninety-nine angels, said the bishop,
 its near to fifty pound.
 Robin Hood took his bag from his side,
 and threw it on the green ;
 Will Scarlet then went smiling away,
 I know who this money must win.
 With that the king's archers laid about,
 while it was three to three ;

With that the ladies gave a shout,
Woodcock, beware thy knee.

It is three to three now, said the king,
the next three pay for all;

Robin Hood went and whisper'd the queen,
the king's part shall be but small.

Then Robin Hood did lead about,
he shot it under-hand,

And Clifton with a bearing arrow,
he clove the willow wand.

And Little Midge the miller's son,
he shot not much the worse;

He shot within a finger of the mark—
now, bishop, beware of your purse.

A boon, a boon, queen Catharine cries,
I crave it on my knee,

That you will angry be with none
that is of my party,

They shall have forty days to come,
and forty days to go,

And three times forty to sport and play,
then welcome friend or foe.

Then thou art welcome, Robin Hood, said the
and so is Little John, [queen,

And so is Midge the miller's son,
thrice welcome every one.

Is this Robin Hood? the king then said,
for it was told to me

That he was slain in the palace-gate,
so far in the north country,

Is this Robin Hood? quoth the bishop then,
as it seems well to be?

Had I known it to have been that bold outlaw,
I would not have bet one penny.

He took me late on Sunday night,
and bound me fast to a tree;

And made me sing mass, God wot,
to him and his yeomendree.

What, if I did, says Robin Hood,
of that mass I was full fain :

For recompense of that, says he,
here's half thy gold again.

Now nay, now nay, says Little John,
master that may not be ;

We must give gifts to the king's officers,
that gold will serve thee and me.

14. *Robin Hood and the Golden Arrow.*

WHEN as the sheriff of Nottingham
was come with mickle grief,
He talk'd no good of Robin Hood,
that strong and sturdy thief. Fal, lal, &c.

So unto London road he pass'd,
his losses to unfold

To king Richard, who did regard
the tale that he had told.

Why, quoth the king, what shall I do,
art thou not sheriff for me ?

The law is in force, go take thy course
of them that injure thee.

Go, get thee gone, and by thyself
devise some tricking game

For to enthrall those rebels all :
go take thy course with them.

So away the sheriff he return'd,
and by the way he thought

On the words of the king, and how the thing
to pass might well be brought.

For within his mind he imagin'd
that when such matches were,

These outlaws stout, without all doubt,
would be bowmen there.

So an arrow with a golden head,
 and shaft of silver white,
 Who won the day should bear away,
 for his own proper right.
 Tidings came to brave Robin Hood,
 under the Green Wood Tree;
 Come, prepare you then, my merry men,
 we'll go this sport to see.
 With that stepp'd forth a brave young man,
 David of Doncaster:
 Master, said he, be rul'd by me,
 from the Green Wood we'll not stir.
 To tell the truth, I'm well inform'd
 this match is but a wile;
 The sheriff, I wist, devises this,
 us archers to beguile.
 O thou smells of a coward, said Robin Hood,
 thy words do not please me;
 Come on't what will, I'll try your skill,
 at your brave archery.
 O then bespoke brave Little John,
 come let us thither gang;
 Come listen to me, how it shall be,
 that we need not be kenn'd.
 Our mantles all of Lincoln green,
 behind us we will leave;
 We'll dress us all of several,
 they shall not us perceive.
 One shall wear white, another red,
 one yellow, and another blue,
 Thus in disguise, to the exercise
 we'll gang whatever ensue,
 Forth from the Green Wood they are gone,
 with hearts all firm and stout,
 Resolving with the sheriff's men
 to have a merry bout.

So themselves they mix'd with the rest,
to prevent all suspicion ;

For if they should together hold,
they thought it no discretion.

So the sheriff look'd round about,
amongst eight hundred men,

But could not see the sight that he
had long expected then.

Some said, if Robin Hood was here,
and all his men to boot,

Sure none of them could pass these men,
so bravely they do shoot.

Ay, quoth the sheriff, and scratch'd his head,

I thought he would have been here,

I thought he would, but, tho' he's bold,
he durst not now appear.

○ that word griev'd Robin to the heart,
he vex'd in his blood :

Ere long, thou very well shalt see
that here was Robin Hood.

Some cry'd blue jacket, another cry'd brown,
and the third cry'd brave yellow,

But the fourth man said yon man in red
in this place has no fellow ;

For that was Robin Hood himself,
for he was clothed in red,

At ev'ry shot the prize he got,
for he was both sure and dead.

So an arrow with a golden head,
and shaft of silver white,

Bold Robin Hood won, and bore with him,
as his own proper right.

These outlaws there that very day,
to shun all kinds of doubt,

By three or four, no less nor more,
as they went in came out.

Until they all assembled were
 under the Green Wood shade ;
 When they relate in pleasant sport,
 what brave pastime they made.
 Says Robin Hood, now all my care is,
 how that the sheriff may
 Know certainly, that it was I
 that bore his arrow away.
 Says Little John, my counsel good
 did take effect before ;
 So therefore now, if you'll allow,
 I'll advise once more.
 Speak on, speak on, said Robin Hood,
 thy wit's both quick and sound ;
 I know no man amongst us can
 for wit like thee be found.
 This I advise, then said Little John,
 that a letter it shall be penn'd,
 And, when it is done, to Nottingham
 you it to the sheriff shall send.
 That's well advised, said Robin Hood,
 but how must it be sent ?
 Pugh ! when you please, 'tis done with ease,
 master be thou content.
 I'll stick it on my arrow's head,
 and shoot it into the town ;
 The mark shall show where it must go,
 whenever it lights down.
 This project it was soon perform'd :
 the sheriff the letter had,
 Which, when he read, he scratch'd his head,
 and rav'd like one that's mad.
 So we'll leave him chafing in his grease,
 which will do him no good.
 Now my friends attend, and hear the end
 of honest bold Robin Hood.

15. *Robin Hood's Chase; or, A merry Progreſſ be-
tween Robin Hood and King Henry.*

COME you gallants all, to you I call,
with a hey down, down, and a down,
that now are in this place;
For a ſong I will ſing of Henry our king,
how bold Robin Hood he did chafe.
Queen Catharine ſhe then a match did make,
as plainly doth appear;
For three hundred tuns of good red wine,
and three hundred tuns of beer.
But ſhe had her archers to ſeek,
with their bows and arrows ſo good,
But her mind it was bent, with a full intent,
to ſend for bold Robin Hood.
But when Robin Hood he came there,
queen Catharine ſhe did ſay,
Thou art welcome, Lockſley, unto me,
and thou on my part muſt play.
If I miſs the mark, be it light or dark,
and all my yeomen gay,
For a match of ſhooting I have made,
then hanged will I be.
But when the game was to be play'd,
bold Robin won it with grace;
But after the king was angry with him,
and vow'd he would him chafe.
What tho' his pardon granted was,
while he with them did ſtay,
But yet the king was vex'd at him,
when he was gone away.
Soon after the king from court did hie,
in a furious angry mood,
And oft inquir'd far and near
after bold Robin Hood.

But when the king to Nottingham came,
 bold Robin was in the wood ;
 O come, said he, and let me see
 who can find bold Robin Hood.
 But when Robin Hood he did hear
 the king had him in chase,
 Then said Little John, 'tis time to be gone,
 and that to another place.
 Then away they went to merry Sherwood,
 and into Yorkshire they did hie ;
 But the king did follow with a whoop and a
 but could not come him nigh. [halloo,
 Yet jolly Robin he pased along,
 and went to Newcastle town,
 And their staid hours two or three,
 and then he for Berwick was bound.
 When the king he did see how Robin Hood did
 he was vex'd wondrous sore ; [flee,
 With a whoop and a halloo he vow'd to follow,
 and take him and never give o'er.
 Come, now let's away, said Little John,
 let any man follow that dare ;
 To Carlisle we'll hie with our company,
 and so then to Lancaster.
 From Lancaster then to Chester they went,
 and so did king Henry ;
 But Robin went away, for he durst not stay,
 for fear of some treachery.
 Says Robin, let us for fair London go,
 to see our noble queen's face ;
 It may be she wants our company,
 which makes the king so us chase.
 When Robin he came queen Catharine before,
 he fell upon his knee ;
 If it please your grace, I am come to this place
 to speak with king Henry,

Queen Catharine she answered bold Robin again,
 the king is gone to merry Sherwood,
 And when he went away, to me he did say,
 he would go and fetch Robin Hood.
 Then fare you well my gracious queen,
 for to Sherwood I will hie apace;
 For fain would I see what he would have with me,
 if I could but meet with his grace.
 But when that king Henry he came home,
 full weary and vex'd in mind;
 And when he did hear that Robin had been there,
 he blam'd Dame Fortune unkind.
 You're welcome home, queen Catharine cry'd,
 Henry, my sov'reign liege;
 Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
 your person has been to seek.
 A boon, a boon, queen Catharine cry'd,
 I beg it of your grace,
 To pardon his life, and seek not strife;
 and so ends Robin Hood's chase.



16. *Robin Hood's Golden Prize; showing how he
 robbed two Priests of 500l.*

I Have heard talk of Robin Hood, [derry, &c.
 and of brave Little John;

Of Friar Tuck, and Will Scarlet,
Locksley, and Maid-Marrion.

Hey down, derry down.

But such a tale as this before

I think was never known;

For Robin Hood disguised himself,
and from the wood is gone.

Like to a friar Robin Hood
was accoutred in array;

With hood, gown, beads, and crucifix,
he pass'd upon the way.

He had not gone past miles two or three,
but it was his chance to espy

Two lusty priests clad all in black,
came riding gallantly.

Benedicite, then, said Robin Hood,
some pity on me take;

Cross you my hand with a single groat,
for our dear Lady's sake.

For I have been wandering all this day,
and nothing could I get;

Not so much as one cup of drink,
or bit of bread to eat.

By our holy Dame, the priests reply'd,
we never a penny have;

For we this morning have been robb'd,
and could no money save.

I am much afraid, said bold Robin Hood,
that you both do tell a lie:

And now before you do go hence
I am resolv'd to try.

When as the priests heard him say so,
they rode away again;

But Robin Hood betook to his heels
and soon overtook them again.

Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,
and pull'd them down from their horse,

O spare us, friar, the priests cry'd out,
 on us have some remorse.
 You said you'd no money, quoth Robin Hood,
 wherefore without delay
 We three will fall upon our knees,
 and for money we will pray.
 The priests they could not gainsay ;
 but down they kneel'd with speed,
 Send us, O send us, then quoth they,
 some money to serve our need.
 The priests did pray with mournful cheer,
 sometimes their hands did ring ;
 Sometimes they wept and tore their hair,
 while Robin did merrily sing.
 When they had been praying an hour's space,
 the priests did still lament ;
 Then quoth bold Robin, now let's see
 what money Heaven hath us sent,
 We will be sharers all alike,
 of money that we have ;
 And there is never a one of us
 that his fellow shall deceive.
 The priests their hands into their pockets put,
 but money could find none ;
 We'll search ourselves, said Robin Hood,
 each o'er her one by one.
 Then Robin Hood took pains to search them,
 and he found good store of gold ;
 Five hundred pieces presently
 upon the ground he told.
 Here is a brave show, said Robin Hood,
 such store of gold to see ;
 And you shall each one have a part,
 because you pray'd so heartily.
 He gave them fifty pounds a-piece,
 and the rest for himself did keep ;

The priests they durst not speak a word,
 but sigh'd wondrous deep.
 With that the priests rose up from their knees,
 thinking to have parted so:
 Nay stay, says Robin Hood, one thing more
 I have to say ere you go.
 You shall be sworn, says Robin Hood,
 upon this holy grass,
 That you will never tell lies again,
 which way soever you pass.
 The second oath that you here must take,
 that all the days of your lives
 You never shall tempt maids to sin,
 nor lie with other men's wives.
 The last oath that you shall take, is this,
 be charitable to the poor;
 Say you have met with a holy friar,
 and I desire no more.
 He set them off their horses,
 and away then they did ride;
 And he returned to the merry Green Wood,
 with great joy, mirth, and pride.

17 *Robin Hood rescuing Will Stutely from the Sheriff
 and his Men, who had taken him Prisoner, and
 were going to hang him.*

Tune of Robin Hood and Queen Catharine.

WHEN Robin Hood in the Green Wood
 derry derry down, [stood,
 under the Green Wood Tree;
 Tidings there came to him with speed,
 tidings for certainty;
 Hey down, derry derry down.

That Will Stutely surpris'd was,
 and he in prison lay;
 Three varlets that the king had hir'd,
 did basely him betray.
 Aye, and to-morrow hang'd must be,
 to-morrow as it is day!
 Before they could the victory get,
 two of them did Stutely slay.
 When Robin did hear the same,
 O it did grieve him sore;
 And to his merry men he said,
 who altogether swore
 That Will Stutely should rescu'd be
 and be brought back again:
 Or else many a gallant knight
 for his sake there be slain.
 He cloth'd himself in scarlet then,
 his men were all in green;
 A finer show throughout the world
 in no place could be seen.
 Good lord, it was a gallant fight,
 to see them all on a row;
 With ev'ry man a good broad sword,
 and eke a good yew bow.
 Forth from the Green Wood they are gone,
 yea all courageously,
 Resolving to bring Stutely home,
 or every man to die.
 And when they came to the castle near,
 wherein Will Stutely lay,
 I hold it good, said Robin Hood,
 we here in ambush stay.
 And send one forth some news to hear,
 to yonder palmer fair,
 That stands under the castle wall,
 some news he may declare.

With that steps forth a brave young man,
 that was of courage bold ;
 Then he did say to the old man,
 I pray thee palmer old,
 Tell me, if thou rightly ken,
 when must Will Stutely die ?
 Who is one of bold Robin Hood's men,
 and here doth in prison lie.
 Alas ! alas ! the palmer said,
 and for ever woe is me ;
 Will Stutely hang'd will be this day,
 on yonder gallows tree.
 O had his noble master known,
 he would some succour send :
 A few of his bold yeomendree,
 would soon fetch him from hence.
 Ay, that is true, the old man said,
 ay, that is true said he ;
 Or if they were near to this place,
 they soon would set him free.
 But fare thee well, thou good old man,
 farewell and thanks to thee ;
 If Stutely hanged be this day,
 reveng'd his death shall be.
 No sooner was he from the palmer gone
 but the gates were open'd wide,
 And out of the castle Will Stutely came,
 guarded on every side.
 When he was forth from the castle come,
 and saw no help was nigh ;
 Thus he unto the sheriff said,
 thus did he say gallantly:
 Now seeing that I needs must die,
 grant me one boon, said he,
 For my noble master never had a man
 that yet was hang'd on a tree.

Give me a sword all in my hand
 and let me be unbound,
 And with thee and thy men I'll fight,
 till I lie dead on the ground.
 But his desire he would not grant
 his wishes were in vain;
 For the sheriff swore he hang'd should be,
 and not by sword be slain.
 Do but unbind my hands, he says,
 I will no weapon crave;
 And if I hanged be this day,
 damnation let me have.
 O no, no, no, the sheriff said,
 thou shalt on the gallows die;
 Ay, and so shall thy master too,
 if ever it in me lie.
 O dastard coward, Stutely cries,
 faint-hearted peasant slave!
 If ever my master does thee meet,
 thou shalt thy payment have.
 My noble master does thee scorn,
 and all thy cowardly crew:
 Such silly imps unable are
 bold Robin to subdue.
 But when he was to the gallows gone,
 and ready to bid adieu,
 Out of a bush steps Little John,
 and comes Will Stutely to.
 I pray thee, Will, before thou die,
 of all thy dear friends take leave;
 I needs must borrow him for a while,
 how say you master sheriff?
 Now as I live, the sheriff said,
 that varlet well I know;
 Some sturdy rebel is that same,
 therefore let him not go.

Then Little John-most hastily
 away cut Stutely's bands,
 And from one of the sheriff's men
 a sword twitch'd from his hands.
 Here, Will Stutely, take thou this same,
 thou canst it better sway:
 And here defend thyself awhile,
 for aid will come straightway.
 And there they turned them back to back,
 in the midst of them that day.
 Till Robin Hood approached near,
 with many an archer gay.
 With that an arrow from them flew,
 I wist from Robin Hood;
 Make haste, make haste, the sheriff said,
 make haste, for it is good.
 The sheriff is gone, and his doughty men
 thought it no boot to stay;
 But as their master had them taught,
 they ran full fast away.
 O stay, O stay, Will Stutely said,
 take leave, be not so fleet;
 You ne'er shall catch bold Robin Hood,
 unless you dare him meet.
 O ill betide you, said Robin Hood,
 that you so soon are gone;
 My sword may in the scabbard rest,
 for here our work is done.
 I little thought, Will Stutely said,
 when I came to this place
 For to have met with Little John,
 or seen my master's face.
 Thus Stutely was at liberty set
 and brought safe from his foe:
 O thanks, O thanks, to my master,
 since here it was not so.

And once again my fellows all,
 we shall in the Green Wood meet,
 Where we will make our bow-strings twang,
 music for us most sweet.

18. *The noble Fisherman; or, Robin Hood's
 Preferment.*

Tune of, In Summer Time.

IN summer time, when leaves grow green,
 when they grow both green and long;
 Of a bold outlaw, call'd Robin Hood,
 it is of him I sing this song.
 When the lily leaf, and cowslip sweet,
 both bud and spring with merry cheer,
 This outlaw was weary of the wood-side,
 and chafing of the king's deer.
 The fishermen brave more money have
 than any merchants two or three;
 Therefore I will to Scarborough go,
 that a fisherman I may be.
 This outlaw call'd his merry men all
 as they sat under the Green Wood Tree;
 If any of you have gold to spend,
 I pray you heartily spend it with me.
 Now, quoth Robin Hood, I'll to Scarborough go,
 it seems to be a very fine day,
 He took up his inn at a widow's house,
 hard by the waters grey.
 Who ask'd him, where wert thou born?
 O tell me where thou dost fare?
 I am a poor Fisherman, said he then,
 this day entrapp'd all in care.
 What is thy name? thou fine fellow,
 I pray thee heartily tell to me:

In mine own country where I was born,
 men call me Simon Over-the-Lea.
 Simon, Simon, said the good wife,
 I wish thou may'st well brook thy name;
 The outlaw was aware of her courtesy,
 and rejoic'd he'd got such a good dame.
 Simon, wilt thou be my man?
 and good round wages I'll give thee:
 I have as good a ship of my own,
 as any that sails on the sea.
 Anchor and planks thou shalt want none,
 masts and ropes, that are so long:
 And if that thou so furnish me,
 said Simon, nothing shall go wrong.
 They pluck'd up anchor, and away did sail,
 more of a day than two or three;
 When others cast in their baited hooks,
 the bare lines into the sea cast he.
 It will be long said his master then,
 e'er this lubber do thrive on the sea;
 He shall have no share in our fish,
 for in truth he's no part wortay.
 O woe is me, said Simon then,
 this day that ever I came here!
 I wish I were in Plumpton Park,
 chasing of the fallow deer;
 For ev'ry clown laughs me to scorn,
 and by me sets nothing at all;
 If I had them in Plumpton Park,
 I would set as little by them all;
 They pluck'd up anchor, and away did sail,
 more of a day than two or three;
 But Simon espy'd a ship of war,
 that sail'd to them vigorously.
 O woe is me, said the master then,
 this day that ever I was born!

For all the fish that we have got
 is every bit lost and forlorn.
 For these French robbers, on the sea,
 they will not spare of us one man ;
 But carry us to the coast of France,
 and lay us in strong prison.
 But Simon said, do not fear them,
 neither master take you care ;
 But give me my bent bow in my hand,
 and never a Frenchman will I spare.
 Hold thy peace, thou long lubber,
 for thou art nought but brags and boasts ;
 If I should cast thee overboard,
 there's but a simple lubber lost.
 Simon grew angry at the words,
 and so angry then was he,
 That he took his bent bow in his hand,
 and in the ship hatch goeth he.
 Master tie me to the mast, he said,
 that at the mark I may stand fair ;
 And give me my bent bow in my hand,
 and never a Frenchman will I spare.
 He drew his arrow to the head,
 and he drew it with might and main,
 And straight in the twinkling of an eye
 to the Frenchman's heart the arrow gain'd.
 The Frenchman fell down in the ship-hatch,
 and under the hatches down below ;
 Another Frenchman, that him espy'd,
 the dead corpse into the sea did throw.
 O master loose me from the mast, he said,
 and for them all take you no care :
 For give me my bent bow in my hand,
 and never a Frenchman will I spare.
 Then straight they boarded the French ship,
 they lying dead in their sight ;

They found within the ship of war
 twelve thousand pounds in money bright.
 The one half of the ship, said Simon then,
 I'll give to my dame and children small;
 The other half of the ship I'll give
 to you that are my fellows all.
 But now bespoke the master then,
 for so, Simon, it shall not be,
 For you have won it with your own hands
 and the owner of it you must be.
 It shall be so as you have said,
 and with this gold for the opprest
 An habitation I will build,
 where they may live in peace and rest.



19. *Robin Hood's Delight ; or a new Combat fought
 between Robin Hood, Little John, and Will Scarlet,
 with three stout Keepers in Sherwood Forest.*

Tune of, Robin Hood and Queen Catharine.

THERE's some will talk of lords and knights,
 and some of yeomen good ; [down, &c.
 But I'll tell you of Will Scarlet,
 Little John, and Robin Hood.
 They were three outlaws 'tis well known,
 and men of noble blood ;

And many a time their valour was shown
 In the forest of merry Sherwood.
 Upon a time it chanced so,
 As Robin would have it to be,
 They all three would a walking go,
 Some pastime for to see ;
 And as they walk'd the forest along,
 Upon a midsummer day,
 There were they aware of three foresters,
 Clad all in green array.
 With brave long falchions by their sides,
 And forest-bills in their hands ;
 They cry'd aloud to these outlaws,
 And charged them to stand.
 Why, who art you, said bold Robin,
 That speak so boldly here ?
 We three belong to king Henry
 And are keepers of his deer.
 The devil you are, said bold Robin Hood,
 I am sure it is not so,
 We be the keepers of this forest,
 And that you soon shall know.
 Your coats of green lay on the ground,
 And so we will all three ;
 And take your swords and buck'lers round,
 And try the victory.
 We be content, the keepers said,
 We be three and no less ;
 Then why should we of you be afraid,
 As we never did transgress ?
 Why, if you be keepers in this forest,
 Then we be three rangers good ?
 And will make you know, before you do go,
 You met with bold Robin Hood.
 We be content, thou bold outlaw,
 Our valour here to try,

STAINED PAGE(S)

(74)

And we'll make you know, before you do go,
we will fight before we fly.
Then come draw your swords, you bold outlaws,
and no longer stand to prate,
But let us try it out with blows,
for cowards we do hate.
Here's one for thee, Will Scarlet,
and another for Little John,
And I myself for Robin Hood,
because he is stout and strong.
So they fell to it hard and fore,
it was on a midsummer day,
From eight of the clock, till two and past,
they all show'd gallant play.
There Robin, Will, and Little John,
they fought most manfully,
Till all their wind was spent and gone,
then Robin aloud did cry :
O hold, O hold, cries bold Robin,
I see ye be stout men ;
Let me blow one blast on my bugle horn,
then I'll fight with you again.
That bargain is to make, Robin Hood,
therefore we it deny ;
The blast upon thy bugle horn
cannot make us fight or fly ;
Therefore fall on, or else begone,
and yield to us the day :
It never shall be said, that we are afraid
of thee or thy yeomen gay.
If that be so, cries Robin Hood,
let me but know your names,
And in the forest of merry Sherwood
I will extol your fames.
And with our names, one of them said,
what hast thou here to do ?

Except that thou wilt fight it out,
 our names thou shalt not know.
 We will fight no more, said bold Robin Hood,
 ye be men of valour stout;
 Come and go with me to Nottingham,
 and there we'll fight it out,
 With a butt of sack we'll bang it about,
 to see who wins the day:
 And for the cost make you no doubt,
 I have gold enough to pay.
 And ever hereafter as long as we live,
 we all will brethren be;
 For I love those men, with hand and heart,
 that will fight and never flee.



20. *Robin Hood and the Beggar ; showing how he and the Beggar fought, and changed clothes.*

COME light and listen you gentlemen all,
 with a hey down, down, and a down,
 that mirth do love for to hear;
 And a story true I'll tell unto you,
 if that you will but draw near.
 In elder times when merriments were,
 and archery was holden good,
 There was an outlaw, as many do know,
 whom men call'd Robin Hood.

Upon a time it chanced so,
 bold Robin was merrily dispos'd
 His time for to spend, he did intend,
 either with friends or foes.
 Then he got upon a gallant steed,
 the which was worth angels ten,
 With a mantle of green, most brave to be seen,
 he left all his merry men ;
 And riding towards Nottingham,
 some pastime for to espy,
 There was he aware of a jolly beggar,
 as e'er he beheld with his eye.
 An old patch'd coat the beggar had on,
 which he daily us'd for to wear :
 And many a bag about him did wag,
 which made Robin to him repair.
 God speed, God speed, said Robin Hood then,
 what countryman, tell unto me ?
 I am Yorkshire, Sir, but ere you go far,
 some charity give unto me.
 I have no money, said Robin Hood then,
 for I am a ranger within this wood :
 I am an outlaw, as many do know,
 my name it is Robin Hood.
 But yet I must tell thee, bonny beggar,
 that a bout with thee I must try ;
 Thy coat of grey, let it down I say,
 and my mantle of green shall be by.
 Content, content, the beggar cry'd,
 thy part it will be the worse ;
 For I hope this bout to give thee rout,
 and then have at thy purse.
 The beggar he had a mickle long staff,
 and Robin he'd a nut-brown sword :
 The beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,
 but gave him never a word.

Fight on, fight on, said Robin Hood then,
 this game well pleaseth me;
 For every blow that Robin gave,
 the beggar gave buffets three.
 And fighting there full hard and fore,
 not far from Nottingham town;
 They never fled, till from Robin's head,
 the blood ran trickling down:
 O hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
 and thou and I will agree;
 If that be true, the Beggar he said,
 thy mantle come give unto me.
 Now a change, a change, said Robin Hood,
 thy bags and thy coat give me,
 And this mantle of mine to thee I'll resign,
 my horse and my bravery.
 When Robin had got the beggar's clothes,
 he look'd him round about;
 Methinks, said he, I seem to be
 a beggar brave and stout.
 For now I have got a bag for my bread,
 and I have another for my corn,
 I have one for salt, another for malt,
 and one for my little horn.
 And now I will a begging go,
 some charity for to find;
 And if any more of Robin you'll know,
 in the second part its behind.
 Now Robin he's to Nottingham bound,
 with a bag hanging down to his knee;
 His staff and his coat scarce worth a groat,
 yet merrily passed he.
 As Robin passed the streets along,
 he heard a piteous cry;
 Three brethren dear, as he did hear,
 condemned were to die.

STAINED PAGE(S)

(78)

Then Robin he hi'd to the sheriff's house,
some relief for to seek:
He skipp'd, he leap'd, and caper'd full high,
as he went along the street.
But when to the sheriff's house he came,
there a gentleman fine and brave,
Thou beggar, said he, come tell unto me,
what is it thou wouldst have?
No meat or drink, said Robin Hood then,
that I come here to crave;
But to beg the lives of yeomen three,
and that I fain would have.
That cannot be, thou bold beggar,
the fact it is so clear,
I'll tell thee, they hang'd must be,
for stealing our king's deer.
But when to the gallows they did come,
there was many a weeping eye;
O hold your peace, said Robin Hood then,
for certain they shall not die.
Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
and he blew out blasts three;
Till an hundred bold archers brave,
came kneeling down to his knee.
What is your will, master? said they,
we are at your command;
Shoot east, shoot west, said Robin Hood then,
and see you spare no man.
Then they shot east, and they shot west,
their arrows were so keen,
The high sheriff and his company,
no longer could be seen.
Then he stept to the brethren three,
and away he had them ta'en;
The sheriff was crost, and many a man lost,
that dead lay on the plain.

And away they went to the merry Greenwood,
 and sung with a merry glee ;
 And Robin Hood took these brethren good,
 to be of his yeomendree.

21. *Robin Hood, Will Scarlet, and Little John ; or
 a Narrative of the Victory obtained against the
 Prince of Arragon and the two Giants : and how
 Will Scarlet married the princess.*

NOW Robin, Will Scarlet, and Little John
 were walking over the plain,
 With a good fat buck, which Will Scarlet
 with his strong bow had slain.
 Jog on, jog on, said Robin Hood,
 the day it runs full fast ;
 For tho' my nephew me a breakfast gave,
 I have not broke my fast ;
 Then to yonder lodge let us take our way,
 I think it wondrous good,
 Where my nephew, and my bold ye men,
 shall be welcome unto the Green Wood.
 With that he took his bugle horn,
 full well he did it blow ;
 Straight from the woods came marching down
 one hundred tall fellows or more.
 Stand, stand to your arms, cries Will Scarlet,
 lo the enemies are within ken ;
 With that Robin Hood he laugh'd aloud,
 and cries they are my bold yeomen.
 Who, when they arrived, and Robin espy'd,
 crying master, what is your will ?
 We thought you had in danger been,
 your horn did sound so shrill.
 Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
 the danger is past and gone ;

STAINED PAGE(S)

(80)

I would have you to welcome my nephew here
that hath paid me two for one.

In feasting and sporting they spent the day,
till Phœbus sunk into the deep ;

Then each one to his quarters hi'd,
his guard there for to keep.

Long had they not walk'd within the Green
but Robin he soon espy'd [Wood,

A beautiful damsel all alone,
that on a black palfrey did ride.

Her riding suit was of fable blue, black
cypres over her face ;

Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush,
all with a comely grace.

Come tell me the cause, thou pretty one,
quothe Robin tell me right ;

From whence thou comest, and whither thou
all in this mournful plight ? [goest

From London I came, the damsel reply'd,
from London upon the Thames,

Which circled is, O grief to tell !
besieg'd with foreign arms,

By the proud prince of Arragon,
who swears by his martial hand

To have the princess to his spouse,
or else to waste this land.

Except that champions can be found,
that dare fight three to three,

Against that prince, and giants twain,
most horrid for to see :

Whose grisly looks, and eyes like brands,
strike terror where they come ;

With serpents hissing on their helms,
instead of feather'd plume.

The princess shall be the victor's prize,
the king hath vow'd and said ;

And he that shall the conquest win,
shall have her for his bride.

Now we are four damsels sent abroad,
to the east, west, north, and south,
To try whose fortune is so good
to bring the champions forth.

But all in vain we have sought about,
for none so bold there are,

That dare venture life and blood
to free a lady fair.

When is the day? quoth Robin Hood,
tell me this and no more:

On midsummer next, the damsel said,
which is June the twenty-four.

With that the tears trickled from her cheeks,
and silent was her tongue;

With sighs and sobs she took her leave,
and away her palfrey sprung.

The news struck Robin to the heart,
he fell down on the grass,

His actions and his troubled mind,
show'd he perplexed was.

Where lies your grief? quoth Will Scarlet,
O master tell to me;

If the damsel's eyes have pierc'd thy heart,
I'll fetch her back to thee.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
she does not cause my smart:

But it is a poor distressed princess,
that wounds me to the heart.

I will go fight the giants all,
to set the lady free;

The D——I take my soul, quoth Little John,
if I part with thy company.

Must I stay behind? quoth Will Scarlet;
no, no, that must not be;

STAINED PAGE(S)

(22)

I'll make a third man in the fight,
so we shall be three to three.
These words cheer'd Robin to the heart,
joy shone upon his face,
Within his arms he hugg'd them both,
and kindly did embrace.
Quoth he, we'll put on motley grey,
with long staves in our hands,
A scrip and bottle by our sides
as come from the holy land.
So may we pass along the highway,
none will ask from whence we came,
But take us pilgrims for to be,
or else some holy men.
Now they are on their journey gone,
as fast as they may speed;
Yet for all their haste, ere they arriv'd,
the princess forth was led,
To be delivered to the prince,
who in the list did stand,
Prepar'd to fight, or else to receive
this lady by the hand,
With that he walk'd about the list,
with giants by his side;
Bring forth, quoth he, your champions,
or bring me forth my bride.
This is the four and twentieth day,
the day prefixed upon;
Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
I'll swear by th' Alcoran.
Then cry'd the king, and queen likewise,
both weeping as they spake:
Lo! we have brought our daughter dear,
whom we are forc'd to forsake.
With that steps out bold Robin Hood,
cries, my liege it must not be so;

Such beauty as the fair princess,
is not for tyrant's maw.

The prince he then began to storm,
crier fool, fanatic, baboon,
How dare you stop my valour's prize,
I'll kill thee with a frown.

Thou Tyrant, Turk, thou Infidel:
thus Robin began to reply:

Thy frowns I scorn: lo! here's my gage,
and thus I thee defy.

And for these two Goliaths there,
that stand on either side,

Here are two little Davids by,
that soon can tame their pride.

Then did the king for armour send,
for lances, swords, and shields,

And thus all three, in armour bright,
came marching to the field.

The trumpets began to sound a charge,
each singled out his man:

Their arms in pieces soon were hew'd,
blood sprang from ev'ry vein.

The prince reach'd Robin Hood a blow,
he struck with might and main:

Which forc'd him to reel about the field,
as tho' he had been slain.

God a mercy, quoth Robin, for that blow,
the quarrel shall soon be try'd;

This stroke shall show a full divorce,
betwixt thee and thy bride.

So from his shoulders his head he cut,
which on the ground did fall,

And grumbled sore at Robin Hood,
to be so dealt withal.

The giants they began to rage,
to see their prince lie dead;

Thou shalt be the next, quoth Little John,
 unless thou guard thy head;
 What that his falchion he whirl'd about,
 it was both keen and sharp;
 He clove the giant to the belt,
 and cut in twain his heart.
 Will Scarlet well had play'd his part,
 the giant he brought on his knee;
 Quoth Will, the devil can't break his fast,
 unless he has you all three.
 So with his falchion he ran him through,
 a deep and ghastly wound,
 Who damn'd and foam'd, curs'd and blasphem'd,
 and then fell to the ground.
 Now all the lifts with shouts were fill'd,
 the skies they did resound,
 Which brought the princess to herself,
 who was fall'n into a swoon.
 The king, and queen, and princess fair,
 came walking to the place,
 And gave the champions many thanks,
 and did them further grace.
 Tell me, quoth the king, whence you are,
 that thus disguised came,
 Whose valour speaks that noble blood
 doth run through every vein?
 A boon, a boon, quoth Robin Hood,
 on my knees I beg and crave:
 By my crown, quoth the king, I grant——
 ask what?—and thou shalt have.
 Then pardon I ask for my merry men
 which are in the Green Wood;
 For Little John and Will Scarlet,
 and for me, bold Robin Hood.
 Art thou Robin Hood, quoth the king——
 for the valour thou hast shown

And I do freely grant,
 To welcome early end
 Of pains I should have d the victor's prize,
 I cannot have you all three;
 Quoth Robin, quoth Little John,
 When little have fall to me:
 When did the princess view all three,
 With a comely lovely grace,
 And took Will Scarlet by the hand,
 Saying here I make my choice.
 With that a noble lord stepp'd forth,
 Of Maxfield earl was he;
 Who look'd Will Scarlet in the face,
 Then wept most bitterly:
 Quoth he, I had a son like thee,
 Whom I lov'd wondrous well,
 But he is gone, or rather dead,
 His name is young Gamewell.
 With that Will Scarlet fell on his knees,
 Crying, father! father! here;
 Here kneels your son, your young Gamewell,
 Ye said you lov'd so dear.
 But Lord, what embracing and kissing were there,
 When all those friends were met;
 They are gone to wedding, and so to bedding,
 And so I bid you good night.

22. *Little John and the four Beggars; showing how
 he went a begging and fought with four Beggars;
 and what a Prize he got by them.*

Tune of Robin Hood and the Beggar.

ALL you that delight to spend some time,
 With a hey down, down, and a down,
 A merry song for to sing,

H

STAINED PAGE(S)

(86)

Usto me draw near and you shall hear,
how Little John went a begging.
As Robin Hood walk'd the forest along,
with all his yeomendres,
Says Robin, fome of you a begging must go,
and Little John it must be thee.
Says John, if I must a begging go,
I'll have a palmer's weed,
With a staff and coat, and bags of all sorte,
the better then I shall speed.
Come give me now a bag for my bread;
and another for my cheese,
And one for a penny, if I get any,
that nothing I may leese.
Now Little John is a begging gone,
seeking for some relief;
But of all the beggars he met on the way,
Little John he was the chief.
But as he was walking himself alone,
four beggars he chanc'd to 'spy;
Some deaf, some blind, and some came behind,
says John, here's a brave company.
Good morrow, says John, my brethren dear,
good fortune I had you for to see;
Which way do you go, pray let me know,
for I want some company.
O what's here to do? said Little John,
why ring all these bells? said he,
What dog is hanging? come let us be ganging,
that we the truth may see.
Here is no dog, one of them said,
good fellow I tell unto thee;
But here's one dead, that will give us cheese and
and it may be one single penny. [bread,
We have brethren in London, another said,
so we have in Coventry;

and Dyer, and all the world over,
but ne'er a crook'd earl like thee.

Therefore stand thou back, thou crooked carl,
and take that knock on the crown ;

Then, said Little John, I'll not be gone,
for a boat I will have with you round.

Now have at you all, said Little John,
if you be so full of your blows ;

Fight on all four, and never give o'er,
whether you be friends or foes.

John nipp'd the dumb, and made him roar,
and the blind that could not see ;

And he that a cripple had been seven years,
he made run faster than he.

And flinging them all against the wall,
with many a sturdy bang ;

It made John sing, to hear the gold ring,
and against the wall cry twang.

Then he got out of the beggars' cloak,
three hundred pounds in gold ;

Good fortune had I, said Little John,
such a fight for to behold.

But found he in the beggars' bag,
three hundred pounds and three ;

If I drink water while this doth last,
then an ill death may I die.

And the begging trade I'll now give o'er,
my fortune hath been so good,

Therefore I'll not stay, but I will away,
to the forest of merry Sherwood.

But when to the forest of Sherwood he came,
he quickly there did see,

Bold Robin Hood, his master good,
and all his company.

What news, what news ? said Robin Hood,
come, Little John, tell unto me ;

STAINED PAGE(S)

(88)

How thou hast sped with thy beggary,
 for that I fain would see.
 No news but good, said Little John,
 with begging full well I have done;
 Three hundred and three, I have here for thee
 in silver, and gold so red.
 Then Robin Hood took Little John by the hand,
 and danc'd about the oak tree,
 If we drink water while this doth last,
 then an ill death may we die.
 So to conclude my merry new song,
 all you that delight to sing,
 'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer good,
 and how Little John went a begging.

23. *Robin Hood and the Ranger: or, true Friendship after a fierce Fight.*

Tune of Arthur O' Bland.

WHEN Phœbus had melted the ickles of ice,
 with a hey down, down, and a down,
 and likewise the mountains of snow,
 Bold Robin Hood he would frolicksome be,
 and ramble about with his bow.
 He left all his merry men waiting behind,
 while through the green vallies he pass'd,
 There did he behold a forester bold,
 who cry'd out, friend, whither so fast?
 I'm going, quoth Robin, to kill a fat buck
 for me, and my merry men all;
 Besides, ere I go, I'll have a fat doe,
 or else it shall cost me a fall.
 You'd best have a care, said the forester then,
 for these are his Majesty's deer;
 Before you shall shoot, the thing I'll dispute,
 for I am head-forester here.

And when long summers, quoth Robin, I'm
 your arrows I here have let fly, [sure
 I range freely I range, methinks it is strange,
 you should have more power than I.

This forest, quoth Robin, I think it my own,
 and so are the humble deer too;

Therefore I declare and solemnly swear,
 I won't be affronted by you.

The forester he had a long quarter staff,
 likewise a broad sword by his side;

Which, without more ado, he presently drew,
 declaring the truth should be try'd.

Bold Robin he had a sword of the best,
 thus, ere he would take any wrong,

His courage was flush'd he'd venture a brush,
 and thus they fell to it ding dong.

The very first blow that the forester gave,
 he made his broad weapon cry twang,
 'Twas over the head, he fell down for dead,
 O that was a horrib'e bang.

But Robin he soon recovered himself,
 and bravely fell to it again,

The very next stroke their weapons they broke,
 yet neither of them were slain.

At quarter-staff then they resolv'd to play,
 because they would have the other bout,

And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,
 unwilling he was to give out.

Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows,
 the other return'd them as fast;

At ev'ry stroke their jacketa did smoke;
 three hours this combat did last.

At length in a rage the bold forester grew,
 and cudgell'd bold Robin so sore,

That he could not stand, so shaking his head,
 he cry'd let us freely give o'er.

(90)

Thou art a brave fellow, I need not say,
 I never knew any so good ;
 Thou'rt fitting to be a yeoman for me,
 and live in the merry Green Wood.
 I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,
 for bravely thou hast acted thy part ;
 That man that can fight, in him I delight,
 and love him with all my whole heart.
 Then Robin Hood setting his horn to his mouth,
 a blast he merrily blew ;
 His yeomen did hear, and straight did appear,
 a hundred with trusty long bows.
 Now Little John came at the head of them all,
 cloth'd in a rich mantle of green ;
 And likewise the rest were gloriously dress'd,
 a delicate sight to be seen.
 Lo! these are my yeomen, said bold Robin Hood,
 and thou shalt be one of the train,
 A mantle and bow, a quiver also,
 I give them whom I entertain.
 The forester willingly entered the list,
 they were such a beautiful sight,
 Then with a long bow they shot a fat doe,
 and made a good supper that night.
 What singing and dancing was in the Green
 for joy of another new mate, [Wood,
 With mirth and delight they spent the whole
 and liv'd at a plentiful rate. [night,
 The forester ne'er was so merry before,
 as when he was with these brave souls,
 Who never would fail, in wine, beer, and ale,
 to take off their cherishing bowls.
 Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,
 broad arrows, and a curious long bow ;
 This done, the next day, so gallant and gay,
 he marched them all in a row.



The King's Disguise and Friendship with Robin Hood.

To a Northern Tune.

KING Richard hearing of the pranks
of Robin Hood and his men,
He much admir'd and more desir'd,
to see both him and them.
Then with a dozen of his lords,
to Nottingham he rode;
When he came there he made good cheer,
and took up his abode.
He having staid there sometime,
but had no hopes to speed,
He and his lords, with one accord,
all put on Monks' weeds.
From Fountain Abbey they did ride,
down to Barnsdale;
Where Robin Hood prepared stood,
all the company to assail.

STAINED PAGE(S)

The king was angry that he
and Robin Hood should be
An Abbot here, who had been
to rob him, he was glad.
He took the king's horse by the head,
Abbot, I will abide;
I'm bound to see such knaves as you,
that live in pomp and pride;
But we are messengers from the king,
the king himself did say;
Near to this place, his royal grace
to speak with thee does say.
God save the king, quoth Robin Hood,
and all that wish him good;
He that does deny his sov'reignty,
I wish him from this wood.
O thou thyself curstest, replies the king,
for thou a traitor art;
Nay, but that you are his messenger,
I swear you lie in heart.
For I never hurt any man,
that honest is and true;
But those who give their minds to live
upon other men's due.
I never hurt the husbandmen,
that use to till the ground;
Nor spill their blood that range the wood,
to follow hawk or hound.
My chiefest spite to clergy is,
who in these days bear a great sway;
Of Friars and Monks, with their fine sprunks,
I make my chiefest prey,
But I'm very glad, said Robin Hood,
that I have met you here:
Come, before we end, you shall, my friend,
Taste of our Green Wood cheer.

If you had not said so, as ever I said,
I would not have been here;
Then Robin let his hand to his mouth,
and a loud blast he did blow,
Till a hundred and seven of Robin Hood's men,
came marching all on a row.
And when they came before Robin's face,
each man did bend his knee;
O, thought the king, 'tis a gallant thing,
and a seemly sight to see.
Within himself the king did say,
these men of Robin Hood's,
More humble be than mine to me,
so the court may learn of the woods.
So then they all to dinner went,
upon a carpet green;
Black, yellow, red, fine mingled,
most curious to be seen.
Venison and fowls were plenty there,
with fish out of the river;
King Richard swore, on sea or shore,
he was never feasted better.
Then Robin takes a can of ale,
come let us now begin;
Come, every man shall have a can,
here's a health unto the king.

STAINED PAGE(S)

Then the king, bold Robin Hood,
in round about the wood,
Two barons of the court
to pledge that he should
And after that he had
in his hand the bow,
Until I die, I'll stand by you,
while I live in the Green Wood.
Bend all your bows, said Robin Hood,
and with a gray goose wing,
Such sport show as you would do
in presence of the king.
They show'd such brave archery,
by cleaving sticks and wands,
That the king did say, such men as they
live not in many lands.
Well, Robin Hood, then says the king,
If I could thy pardon get,
To serve the king in every thing,
would'st thou thy mind firm set?
Yes, with all my heart, bold Robin Hood said,
so they flung off their hoods:
To serve the king in every thing,
they swore they would spend their blood.
For a clergyman was first my bane,
which makes me hate them all;
But if you'll be so kind to me,
love them again I shall.
The king no longer could forbear,
for he was mov'd with truth;
Robin, said he, I now tell thee
the very naked truth;
I am thy king, thy sov'reign king,
that appears before you all;
When Robin saw that it was he,
straight then he down did fall.

And for to shew which way to run,
the people did not will.
The ploughman left his plough in the field,
the smith ran from his shop;
Old folks that scarce could go,
over their sticks did hop;
The king soon let them understand,
he had been in the Green Wood:
And from that day for evermore,
had forgiven Robin Hood:
Which when the people they did hear,
and that the truth was known,
They all did sing, God save the king,
hang care, the town's our own.
What's that Robin Hood? then said the sheriff,
that varlet I do hate;
Both me and mine he caus'd to dine,
and serv'd us all with one plate.
Ho, ho, said Robin, I know what you mean,
come take your gold again:
Be friends with me, and I with thee,
and so with every man.
Now master sheriff you are paid,
and since you are the beginner,
As well as you, give me my due,
you ne'er paid for that dinner.

But if that is the case,
 so much the better,
 To sup with me to night,
 I know you will not fail.
 The sheriff came to see me,
 for a trick was laid on me,
 A supper was set on the table,
 but he thought I was dead,
 They're all gone now to the gallows,
 Robin Hood with a little more,
 He once was there a noble peer,
 and now he's there again.
 Many such pranks brave Robin play'd,
 while he liv'd in the Green Wood:
 Now my friends attend, for here's an end
 of honest bold Robin Hood.

23. *Robin Hood and Little John; being an Account
 of their first Meeting, their fierce encounter and
 conquest. To which is added their friendly Agree-
 ment, and how he came to be called Little John.*

Tune of Arthur O'Bland.

WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty years
 with a hey down, down, and a down, [old,
 he happen'd to meet Little John,
 A jolly brisk blade, right fit for his trade,
 for he was a lusty young man.
 Tho' he was call'd Little, his limbs they were
 and his stature was seven feet high; [large,
 Wherever he came, they quak'd at his name,
 for he soon would make them to fly.
 How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,
 if you will but listen awhile;
 For this very jest, among all the rest,
 I think may cause you to smile.

long days,

and merrily spake,

and with his merry men,

Then at last a long journey he took,

a stranger he came to to stop.

They began to meet on a long narrow bridge,
and neither of them would give way.

Quoth bold Robin Hood, and merrily good,

I'll show you right Nottingham play.

With that from his quiver an arrow he drew,
a broad arrow with a goose wing:

The stranger reply'd I'll liquor thy hide,
if thou offer to touch the string.

Quoth bold Robin, thou dost prate like an ass,
for, were I but to bend my bow,

I could send a dart quite thro' thy proud heart,
before thou could'st strike me one blow.

Thou talk'st like a coward, the stranger reply'd,
well arm'd with a long bow you stand

To shoot at my breast, while I do protest

I have nought but a staff in my hand.

The name of a coward, quoth Robin, I scorn,
therefore my long bow I'll lay by;

And now, for thy sake, a staff I will take,
the truth of thy manhood to try.

Then Robin stepp'd to a thicket of trees,
and chose him a staff of good oak:

Now this being done, away he did run
to the stranger, and merrily spoke.

STAINED PAGE(S)

Lo! for my part, I scorn to fight
With all my weapons, and the best of them;
I scorn to fight with you, or any man;
This said, they fell to blows, and their slaves
At first, Robin gave the stranger such
so hard, that it made his bones ring;
The stranger he said this must be repaid,
I'll give you as good as you bring.
So long as I'm able to handle a staff,
to die in your debt, friend, I scorn;
Then to both goes, and follow their blows,
as if they'd been thrashing of corn;
The stranger gave Robin a knock on the crown,
which caused the blood to appear;
Then Robin engag'd, more fiercely engag'd,
and follow'd his blows more severe.
So thick and so fast he did lay on him,
with a passionate fury and ire;
At every stroke he made him to smoke,
as though he had been all on fire.
O then in a fury the stranger he grew,
and gave him a horrible look,
And with it a blow that laid him full low,
and tumbled him into the brook.
I prithee, good fellow, where art thou now?
the stranger in laughter he cry'd;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, good faith in the flood,
and a floating along with the tide.
I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul,
with thee I'll no longer contend;
For needs I must say, that thou hast got the day,
our battle shall be at an end.

to be seen,
O what a sight it was, Will Stutely,
good as when you was to the skin:
No matter, quoth he, that had you see
in fighting hath tumbled me in.
He shall not go Scot-free, his other reply'd,
so straight they were seizing him there,
To dock him likewise, but Robin Hood cries,
he is a stout fellow, forbear.
There's no one shall wrong thee, friend, be not
these bowmen upon me do wait; [afraid;
There's threescore and nine, if thou wilt be mine;
thou shalt have my livery freight,
And other accoutrements fitting also,
speak up, jolly blade, never fear;
I'll teach thee also the use of the bow,
to shoot at the fat fallow deer.
O here is my hand, the stranger reply'd,
I'll serve thee with all my heart,
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle,
never doubt me but I'll play my part.
His name shall be altered, quoth Will Stutely,
and I will his godfather be;
Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,
for we will be merry, quoth he.
They presently fetch'd in a brace of fat does,
with humming strong liquor likewise;
They lov'd what was good; so in the Green Wood
this sweet pretty babe they baptiz'd.

STAINED PAGE(S)

He was a bold, brave, and true,
He was a bold, brave, and true,
With all his bow and arrow,
and were of the best,
Brave Stately came he forth to play,
and did in this world,
This infant was called Robin Hood,
which name shall be his,
The words we'll transfer to, wherever he goes,
his name shall be call'd Little John,
They all with a shout made the elements ring,
so loud as the office was o'er,
To feasting they went, with true merriment,
and tipp'd strong liquors galore,
Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,
and cloth'd him from top to toe,
In garments of green, most gay to be seen,
and gave him a curious long bow,
Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,
and range in the Green Wood with us,
Where we'll not want gold nor silver, behold,
while bishops have ought in their purse,
We live here like squires, or lords of renown,
without e'er a foot of free land;
We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale, and beer,
and every thing at our command.
Then music and dancing did finish the day;
at length when the sun waxed low,
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
and into their caves they did go,
And so ever after as long as they liv'd,
although he was proper and tall,
Yet nevertheless the truth to express,
still Little John they did him call.

The bishop of Hereford is to dine with me to-
day, and he shall pay well for his cheer. [day,
We'll kill a fat venison, said bold Robin Hood,
and dress it by the highway side;
And we'll watch the bishop narrowly,
lest some other way he should ride.

Robin Hood dress'd himself in shepherd's array,
and six of his men also;
And when the bishop of Hereford came by,
they about the fire did go.
O, what is the matter, then said the bishop,
or for whom do you make this ado?
Or why do you kill the king's venison,
and your company is so few?

We are shepherds, said bold Robin Hood,
and we keep sheep all the year;
And we are dispos'd to be merry to-day,
and kill of the king's fat deer.

You are brave fellows, said the bishop,
but the king of your doings shall know;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
for before the king you shall go.

O pardon, O pardon, said bold Robin Hood,
O pardon, I thee pray.

STAINED PAGE(S)

(102)

For it becomes not your lordship's coat
to take so many lives away.
No pardon, no pardon, says the bishop,
no pardon I thee owe;
Therefore make haste and come along with me,
for before the king you shall go.
Then Robin set his back against a tree,
and his foot against a thorn,
And from underneath his shepherd's coat,
he pull'd out his bugle horn.
He put the little end to his mouth,
and a loud blast he did blow,
Till threescore and ten of Robin Hood's men
came running all in a row;
All making obedience to bold Robin Hood,
'twas a comely sight for to see:
What is the matter, master, said Little John,
that you blow so hastily?
O here is the bishop of Hereford,
and no pardon we shall have;
Cut off his head, master, said Little John,
and throw him into his grave.
O pardon, O pardon, said the bishop,
O pardon, I thee pray;
For if I had known it had been you,
I'd gore some other way.
No pardon, no pardon, said Robin Hood,
no pardon, I thee owe;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
for to merry Barnsdale you shall go.
Then Robin took the bishop by the hand,
and led him to merry Barnsdale,
He made him lay and sup with him that night,
and to drink wine, beer, and ale.
Call in the reckoning, said the bishop,
for methinks it grows wond'rous high:

Lend me your purse, master, said Little John,
and I'll tell you bye and bye.

Then Little John took the bishop's cloak,
and spread it upon the ground,

And out of the bishop's portmanteau
he took three hundred pounds.

Here's money enough, master, said Little John,
and a comely fight for to see;

It makes me in charity with the bishop,
tho' he heartily loveth not me.

Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
and caused the music to play;

He made the bishop dance in his boots,
and glad he could get away.



28. *Robin Hood and the valiant Knight; together
with an Account of his Death and Burial, &c.*

Tune, of Robin Hood and the fifteen Foresters.

WHEN Robin Hood and his merry men all,
derry, derry, down,
had reigned many years,
The king was then told he had been too bold
to his bishops and noble peers.
Hey down, derry, derry down.

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

Then Robin Hood
and his men
And from underneath
he pull'd out his dagger
He put the little end to his neck,
and a loud blast he did blow
Till threecore and seven of Robin Hood's men
came running off in a row.
All making obedience to bold Robin Hood,
'twas a comely sight for to see.
What is the matter, master, said Little John,
that you blow so hastily?
O here is the bishop of Hereford,
and no pardon we shall have;
Cut off his head, master, said Little John,
and throw him into his grave.
O pardon, O pardon, said the bishop,
O pardon, I thee pray;
For if I had known it had been you,
I'd gone some other way.
No pardon, no pardon, said Robin Hood,
no pardon, I thee owe;
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,
for to merry Barnsdale you shall go.
Then Robin took the bishop by the hand,
and led him to merry Barnsdale,
He made him stay and sup with him that night,
and to drink wine, beer, and ale.
Call in the reckoning, said the bishop,
for methinks it grows wond'rous high:



28. *Robin Hood and the valiant Knight; together
with an Account of his Death and Burial, &c.*

Tune, of Robin Hood and the fifteen Foresters.

WHEN Robin Hood and his merry men all,
derry, derry, down,
had reigned many years,
The king was then told he had been too bold
to his bishops and noble peers.
Hey down, derry, derry down.

Therefore they call'd a council of state,
 to know what was best to be done
 For to quell their pride, or else, they reply'd,
 the land would be over-run.
 Having consulted a whole summer's day,
 at length it was agreed
 That one should be sent to try the event,
 and fetch him away with speed.
 Therefore a trusty and worthy knight
 the king was pleas'd to call,
 Sir William by name, when to him he came,
 he told him his pleasure all.
 Go you from hence to bold Robin Hood,
 and bid him without more ado,
 Surrender himself, or else the proud elf
 shall suffer with all his crew.
 Take here an hundred bowmen brave,
 all chosen men of might,
 Of excellent art, for to take thy part,
 in glittering armour bright.
 Then said the knight, my sov'reign liege,
 by me they shall be led;
 I'll venture my blood against Robin Hood,
 and bring him alive or dead.
 One hundred men were chosen straight,
 as proper as e'er a man saw;
 On midsummer day they march'd away,
 to conquer that brave outlaw.
 With long yew bows and shining spears,
 they march'd in mickle pride,
 And never delay'd, or halted, or staid,
 till they came to the Green Wood side.
 Said he to his archers, tarry here,
 your bows make ready all,
 That need should be, you may follow me,
 and see that you observe my call.

I'll go in person first, he cry'd,
 with the letters of my good king,
 Well sign'd and seal'd, and if he will yield,
 we need not draw one string.
 He wander'd about, till at length he came
 to the tent of Robin Hood;
 The letters he shows, bold Robin arose,
 and there on his guard he stood.
 They'd have me surrender, quoth Robin Hood,
 and lie at their mercy then,
 But tell them from me, that never shall be,
 while I have full seven score men.
 Sir William the knight, both hardy and bold,
 did offer to seize him there,
 Which William Locksley by fortune did see,
 and bid him that trick to forbear.
 Then Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
 and blew a blast or twain,
 And so did the knight, at which there in sight
 the archers came there all amain.
 Sir William with care he drew up his men,
 and plac'd them in battle array;
 Bold Robin we find he was not behind,
 now this was a bloody fray;
 The archers on both sides bent their bows,
 and clouds of arrows flew;
 The very first flight that honoured knight
 did there bid the world adieu.
 Yet nevertheless their fight did last
 from morning till almost noon;
 Both parties were stout, and loath to give out,
 this was on the last of June.
 At length they went off; one party they went
 for London with free good will;
 And Robin Hood he to the Green Wood Tree,
 and there he was taken ill.

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE

Therefore the king was wroth,
to have his law so broke;
For to quell the outlaw,
the lord was forth he took.
Having commandment given
at length, that he should seek
That one should be sent forth,
and fetch him from the wood.
Therefore a truffy knight,
the king was pleas'd to call,
Sir William by name, when to him he came,
he told him his pleasure all.
Go you from hence to bold Robin Hood,
and bid him without more ado,
Surrender himself, or else the proud elf
shall suffer with all his crew.
Take here an hundred bowmen brave,
all chosen men of might,
Of excellent art, for to take thy part,
in glittering armour bright.
Then said the knight, my lov' reign liege,
by me they shall be led;
I'll venture my blood against Robin Hood,
and bring him alive or dead.
One hundred men were chosen straight,
as proper as e'er a man saw;
On midsummer day they march'd away,
to conquer that brave outlaw.
With long yew bows and shining spears,
they march'd in mickle pride,
And never delay'd, or halted, or staid,
till they came to the Green Wood side.
Said he to his archers, tarry here,
your bows make ready all,
That need should be, you may follow me,
and see that you observe my call.

Sir William the knight, and he, and he,
Which William the knight, for fortune he did see,

and bid him that such to appear.

Then Robin Hood let his hand to his mouth,
and blew a blast of rain.

And so did the knight, at which there in fight
the archers came there all again.

Sir William with care he drew up his men,
and plac'd them in battle array;

Bold Robin we find he was not behind,
now this was a bloody fray;

The archers on both sides bent their bows,
and clouds of arrows flew;

The very first fight that honoured knight
did there bid the world adieu.

Yet nevertheless their fight did last
from morning till almost noon;

Both parties were stout, and loath to give out,
this was on the last of June.

At length they went off; one party they went
for London with free good will;

And Robin Hood he to the Green Wood Tree,
and there he was taken ill.

He sent for a monk to let him blood,
 who took his life away;
 Now this being done, his archers they ran,
 it was no time to stay.
 Some went on board, and cross'd the seas
 to Flanders, France, and Spain,
 And others to Rome, for fear of their doom,
 but soon return'd again.
 Thus he that ne'er fear'd bow nor spear
 was murder'd by letting of blood;
 And so, loving friends the story now ends
 of valiant bold Robin Hood.
 There's nothing remains but his epitaph now,
 which, reader, here you have:
 To this very day read it you may,
 as it is upon his grave.

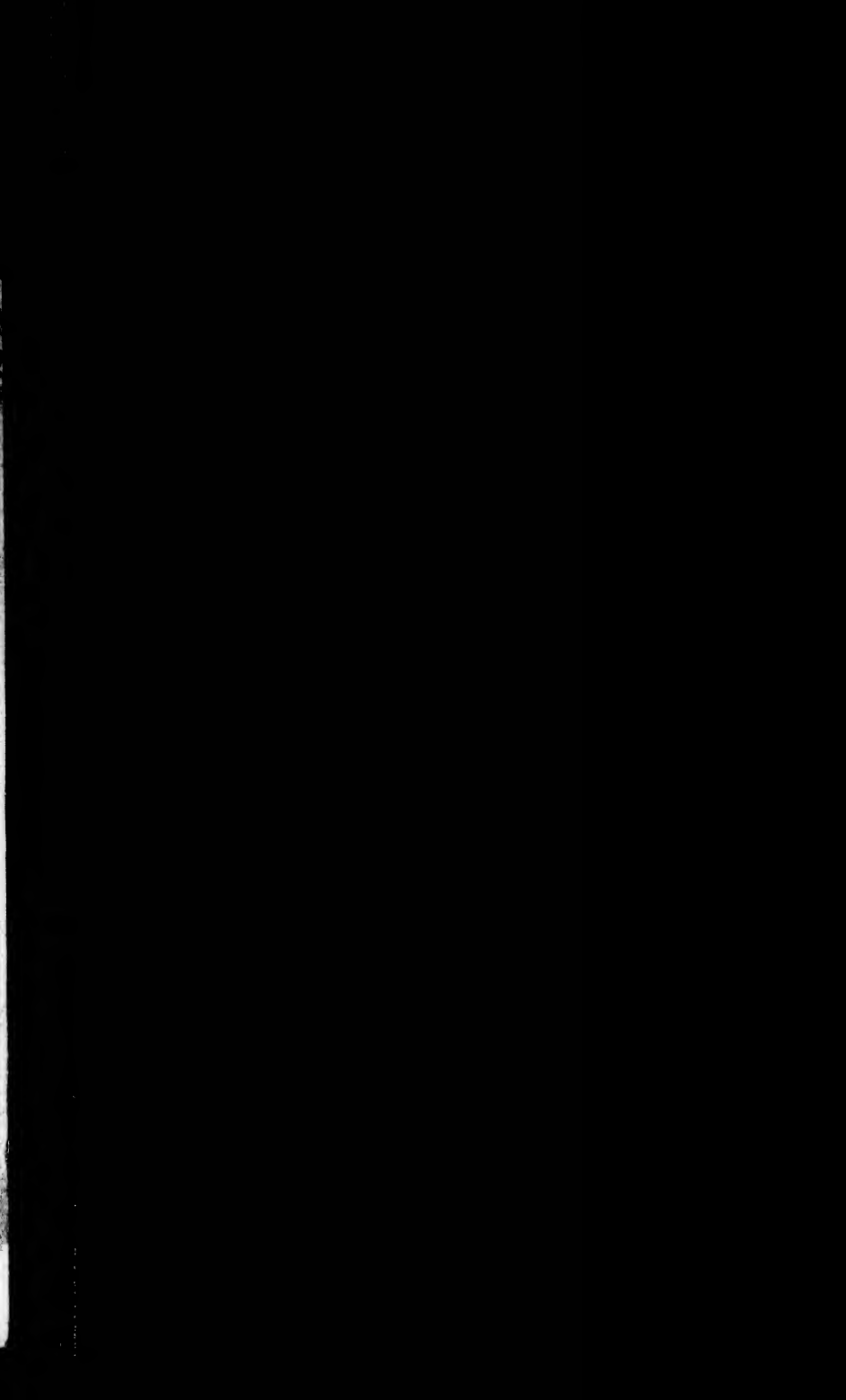
EPITAPH.

*ROBERT, Earl of Huntingdon,
 Lies here, his labour being done;
 No archer like him was so good,
 His wildness nam'd him ROBIN HOOD.
 For thirteen years, and somewhat more,
 These Northern parts he vexed sore:
 Such outlaws as he and his men,
 May England never know again.*

THE END.

Printed by
 T. WILSON and SON,
 High Ousegate, York.





I was not there,
 When you lay down your weary head;
 And I have not seen you since;
 But I know you're not dead;
 Thus be it, never will I hear you more
 Was murder'd by letting go blood;
 And lo, loving friends the day now end
 Of valiant bold Robin Hood.
 There's nothing remains but his epitaph now,
 Which, reader, here you have:
 To this very day read it you may,
 As it is upon his grave.

EPITAPH.

ROBERT, Earl of Huntingdon,
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His wildness nam'd him **ROBIN HOOD.**
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